APRIL 7 — 13, 1979

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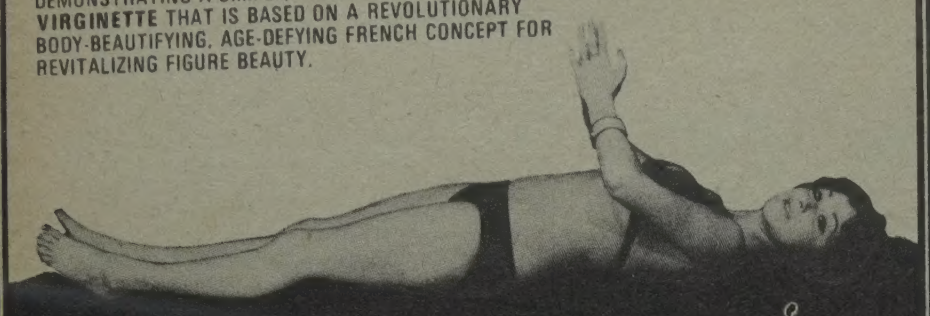

Is he looking at other women lately?

"AFTER YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE I HAD NEGLECTED MYSELF TERRIBLY AND LOST MY FIGURE. WITHIN 14 DAYS MY FIGURE AND MUSCLE TONE BECAME FIRMER AND MORE YOUTHFUL"—MRS. T. S. MALAD, BOMBAY.

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NEELIMA AZEEM

Schooled at the All Saints' Convent, Nainital. Trained in **Kathak** under Reba Vidyarthi at Kathak Kendra, Delhi, for two years, after which studied under Guru Birju Maharaj.

Has appeared regularly in Birju Maharaj's ballets. Gave her first solo performance in 1976 in New Delhi under the guidance of Guru Munna Shukla. Is scheduled to participate in the Swami Haridas Sammelan to be held in Bombay this month. Recently appeared on a postage stamp in the 'Our Heritage' series, demonstrating a characteristic Kathak stance. Also interested in Indian classical music.

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

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THIS WEEK

APRIL 7 — 13, 1979

TOTAL REVOLUTIONARIES

Among the thousands of people all over Bihar who flung themselves into the 1974 Andolan were a sizable number of women. What got them involved in the movement so actively? Where are these women today? Have they lapsed back into acquiesence once again or are they still working towards the changes they want to bring about in society?

Page 10.

BLESSED SINGLEHOOD

A decade ago it would have been mortifying to be labelled a spinster. Today it is no longer so, according to the many women who are supremely happy in their blessed state of singleness.

Page 49.

THE MOTHER PERSON

In the concluding part of our excerpt from "The Mother Person", the stresses and strains of the transition from couple to family are discussed.

Page 12.

JACKIE OH!

A soon-to-be-released book, "Jackie Oh!", tells hitherto untold tales about the life of Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. An exclusive preview.

Page 16.

ALSO

Dichotomies : A recent exhibition of drawings by an uncompromising artist, Nikki Ty-Tomkins S. — **Page 24** Decoration Tip : Beautiful wall-hangings you can make yourself — **Page 15** IYC Feature : Encouraging creativity in children, a model workshop — **Page 29** Film Interview : Jeetendra — **Page 47** Profile : Nalini Kembhavi, enterprising architect — **Page 25** "Sand Through My Fingers" : Part III — **Page 44.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, What's New/**22**, Answers to Quiz 20/**22**, Comics/**27**, Fashion/**30**, Short Story/**32**, Cookery/**34**, True Confession/**52**, Young Viewpoint/**55**, People & Events/**56**, Horoscope/**58**, Quiz 22/**58**.

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

LITTLE SLAVES

This year is being celebrated as the International Year of the Child. Some time back it was the International Year of the Woman. Lots of publicity was done for the uplift of women. I am not aware what we gained from these celebrations — how much of the dowry problem has been solved, what percentage of women are getting extra employment, how much equality and prestige we have in society, being the privileged class: women.

But let us make this year really fruitful for the children, and this each one of us can do in our own limited way. Although child labour is taboo, most of our homes have a child servant. As soon as they are toddlers they start earning and fending for themselves, blissful childhood is not for them. With their small hands they carry the school bags upto the school bus for their master's children. They carry the tiffin wondering what goodies must be there inside the magic box. The only playtime for them is when they try to amuse the small children of their masters. It is true they get their food from their master's home, otherwise they would go hungry. They blow the balloons to make the children's birthday party a success wondering what is there so joyful about a birthday — I'm sure they curse their luck for being born. Can't each of us teach these children and make them literate, so that they will not, for ever, be domestic servants or canteen boys?

SABITA BHATTACHERJEE
Haryana.

It is heartbreaking, and also infuriating, that little children have to go out to earn a living when they should be studying and playing and enjoying their childhood. Of course, the poverty in this country makes a necessity of this vice — we hope the Year of the Child will set off a reaction among all thinking people and all leaders and people in authority, goading them to eliminate child labour and free the children from bondage.

2nd PRIZE

FAIR-MINDED "FOES"

While Indian immigrants have been subjected to humiliating and deplorable tests by the immigration authorities in the U.K., a goodwill mission from Britain, Comex-9 (the Commonwealth Expedition) has been touring India, as though to atone for the damage done to our fellow Indians in the U.K. — although the distressing incident of the Indian teacher being subjected to a virginity test occurred after they had left the U.K. What is significant, is that there are two British Immigration Officers in this Expedition who hope to foster greater understanding in India regarding immigration matters.

Comex aims, inter alia, at "re-awakening among ordinary people, something of the old relationships, eroded by time and neglect". Speaking to several delegates, one immediately sensed that these were the sort of people who reached beneath the superficial barriers of race, religion, caste, creed, colour, to the core of real and lasting values. They expressed their shame and apology for the barbarian tests Indian immigrants were subjected to, and were very fair-minded about the immigration problem. As long as there are even a few such ambassadors of goodwill in the world, there is hope for mankind.

INDU K. MALLAH,
Tamil Nadu

The delegates you met are not some rare species. While the Heathrow incident was reprehensible, it does not stand to reason that all of U.K. has suddenly turned uncivilised and barbarous. While the media always blows up, out of proportion, anything which it can use to whip society with, it would be well to remember that there are thousands in Britain who are themselves horrified at the immigration 'rulings'.

3rd PRIZE

WOMAN'S CHOICE

The other day, a visiting friend made a remark that made me pause and think. She said: "There is nothing man has done that woman hasn't — except perhaps set foot on the moon. In every other field of endeavour we can hold our own with men and, what is more, we have every right **not** to limit ourselves."

This is undoubtedly an age of emancipation and the friend in question voices a thought which, I feel sure, many women heartily confirm. But what I would like to ask is this and I phrase my questions so as to make them answerable with a simple "Yes" or "No". My questions are: "Is it a good thing for increasing numbers of women to adopt this view? Should there not be women who can fortify themselves, and find satisfaction, in fields of endeavour in which **women** naturally fit?"

I shall be most interested to know what your readers feel.

GEORGE T. FEGRADOE,
Bombay

But why should women "naturally fit" into anything? And why should they limit themselves? After all, would you want to query why there are male chefs all over the world when cooking is something a woman would "fit into" — or for that matter male tailors when it is women who have been home 'sew-ers' for centuries? And, may we ask, is it a good thing for increasing numbers of men to adopt the view that all women should stick to "woman's work"?

P.M.'s CHOICE

Recently, at Madras, the Prime Minister remarked that people should rely on Ayurvedic and Homeopathic medicines and that they are cheaper than modern medicines. It is inconceivable that in this age, such a remark should be passed, for it is sure to mislead the masses, already antagonistic towards life-saving modern medicines. The practice now in most villages is to resort to modern medicines as the very last remedy and even this may be given up, thereby undoing the good of many years of patient work. It is true that our ancient medicines have their own indisputable value in many fields, but they have practically nothing to offer by way of prevention of major diseases by vaccination or innoculation. Analysis would reveal that modern medicines are cheaper and far less time-consuming than Ayurvedic preparations. It would be ideal if both the ancient and modern sciences could flourish side by side; but it would be devastating if modern medicine is even remotely relegated to the background, for no one can deny its countless blessing.

MALATHI, Madras.

There is a lot going in favour of ayurveda and homeopthy — even the Western scientists are probing into the "miraculous qualities of these systems of medicine. And yet, as you so rightly put it, allopathy is quick though not always cheaper. The poor, especially, must have access to modern medicine and we must ensure that all children are duly vaccinated and innoculated.

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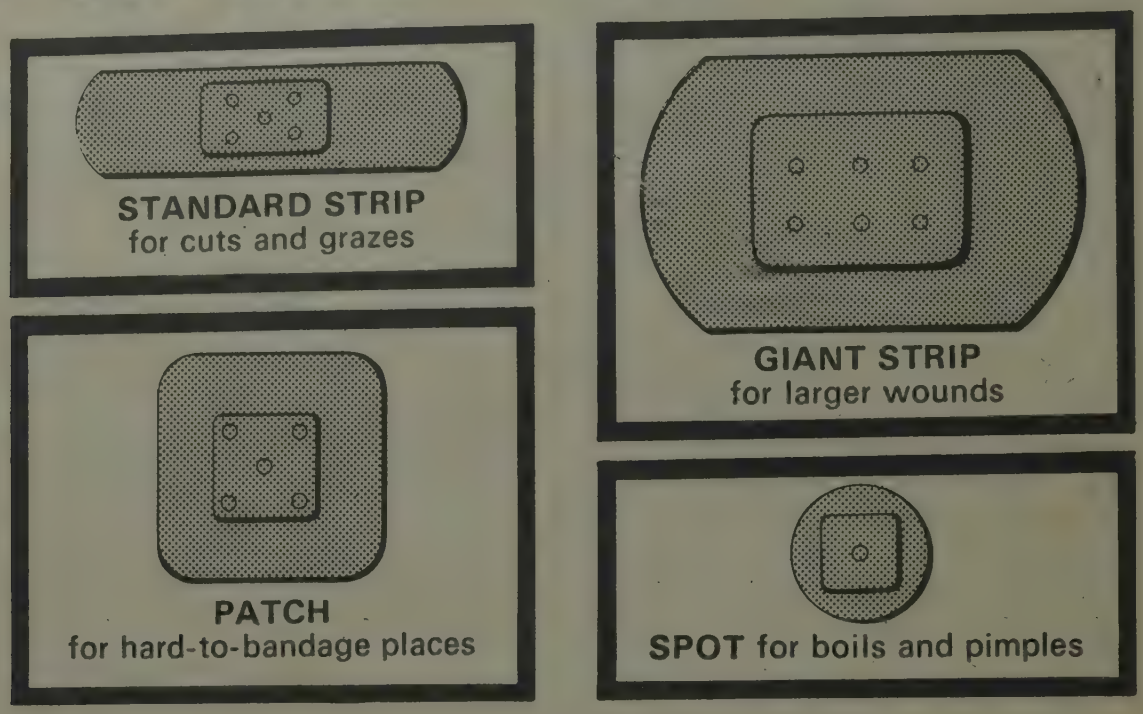

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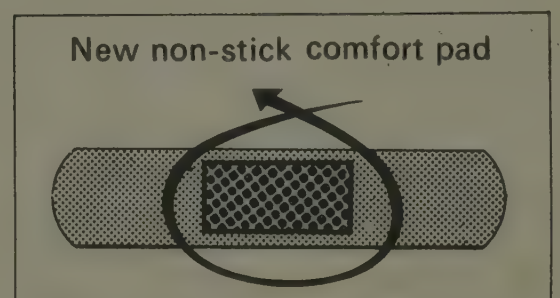

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READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

A CLUB FOR THE HANDICAPPED

Your February 10 issue on the Physically Handicapped was noble, humane work. Perhaps you'd like to inform the handicapped and concerned about : The International Mailbag Club, 3641 Marydell Pl., Apt. 4, Cincinnati, Ohio 45211, U.S.A., which aims to bring cheer and sunshine into the lives of shut-in and handicapped persons through cards and exchange of letters the world over. It promotes correspondence between members on pen-pal basis. It also presents annual awards. Executive secretary, Ms. Lucille E. Schaller would welcome requests from Indian handicapped persons. It publishes a quarterly newsletter also.

I am sending this information in the good thought that you might wish to relay news to your interested readers.

SALOME, Bombay.

BITCHING

Your lead article, "A bitch is not always a she" (March 10) carefully tried to analyse the root causes behind bitchiness in women. I think one major cause is the comparison husbands often make between the wife and other women. We are all the time being compared and run down. If we take to nastiness, it is only to hold up our egos. We women also have egos, or is it man's prerogative only? I know of friends who have the same complaints. How long can we fight against these 'better' other women, tell me? We have to defend ourselves, so there comes bitchiness. Appreciation is a sure cure.

SANDHYA SHARMA, Allahabad.

THE GLITTER INDUSTRY

Indra Gidwani's article entitled "Lure of Diamonds" (Feb. 17) was informative. However, when she quotes me in the article, some factual errors have crept in.

To enable your readers to know the correct position, I give below the inaccuracies in the statements attributed to me and also the corrections.

Q 1. "According to the scheme, you are allowed to import gold at international price against the exports."

The correct position is that according to the scheme, gold is made available to the exporters at more or less international price as replenishment for the export of gold jewellery. An exporter is not allowed to import gold, he is only supplied gold through the State Bank of India after he has exported gold jewellery. Besides, it makes little sense to say that one is allowed to import gold at the international price because it is common knowledge that when import is allowed it is at the ruling market price. There is no such thing as allowing import at international price.

Q 2. "Kuwait alone accounts for about 60 to 70 per cent of our gold jewellery export."

Kuwait accounts for about 50 per cent of our gold jewellery exports. In our exports worth Rs. 4.83 crores of gold jewellery during 1977-78, export to Kuwait amounted to Rs. 2.40 crores.

Q 3. "Our export of gold jewellery at present is worth about Rs. 2.78 crores a year."

Our export of gold jewellery during 1977-78 was worth about Rs. 4.83 crores; the target for 1978-79 is Rs. 10 crores.

Q 4. "Diamond accounts for 93 per cent of the total export of gem and jewellery and the balance is of precious/semi-precious stones, like rubies, emeralds, sapphires etc."

Precious/semi-precious stones account for five per cent of the total exports. Other items account for the remaining two per cent.

M. D. HEGDE, Asst. Secr., Gem & Jewellery Export Promotion Council, Bombay.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF APRIL 14

WOMEN MANAGERS

Women managers play a vital part in the running of luxury hotels all over India. A survey of successful women in some of the five-star hotels in the major metropolises gives an insight into the various areas of hoteliering they are involved in and the particular demands of their jobs.

JACKIE OH!

A further exclusive peak into Jacqueline Onassis' life as the wife of the Greek millionaire.

HUMAN INTEREST STORY

The story of a young boy afflicted with muscular distrophy and condemned to die by twenty-one. A story of courage in the face of tragedy.

MECHANICS

Your monthly guide to the world of mechanics that brings you a step closer to mastering it.

HAIRSTYLES GALORE

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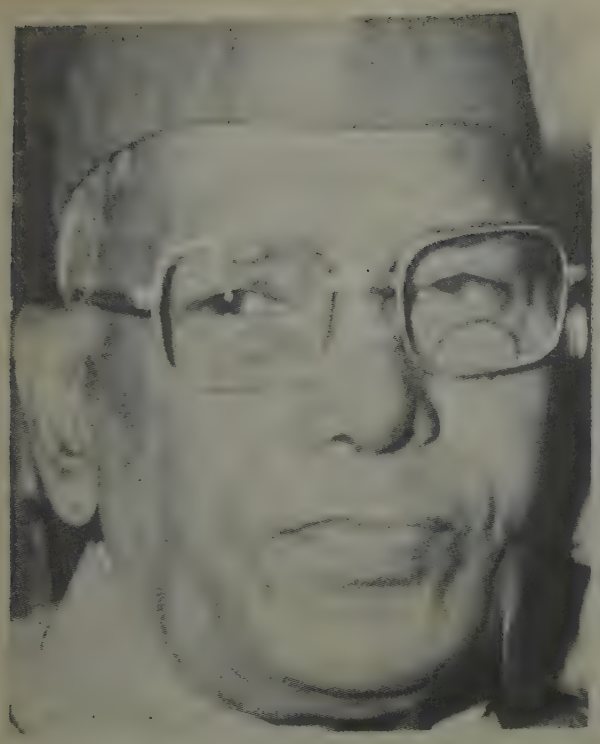

IN 1974 WHEN JP GAVE HIS CALL FOR TOTAL REVOLUTION IN RESTLESS BIHAR EVEN TRADITION-BOUND WOMEN SHED THE SOCIAL PURDAH AND STEPPED OUT OF HOMES TO JOIN THE AGITATION. THEY ARE STILL CARRYING ON THE FIGHT

Shahnaz Anklesaria

TOTAL REVOLUTION-
the maturing of Bihar women

For some the 1974 Bihar Andolan was a non-event; for many it was the first liberation movement in free India. This is an account of a handful of women among the thousands of people scattered all over the state who had flung themselves into the Andolan and who today are still working for a Total Revolution within our society.

They left their hearths and poured onto the streets. From the cities and villages of Bihar they came, carrying their children on their backs and in their arms, the ends of their sarees fluttering like banners in the wind. They marched, sometimes in silence, often singing — "Man, where is your humanity, where is your love", "Total Revolution is a call". A tall, bespectacled figure had sketched a vision before their hitherto tired eyes — and something within them came alive. Women threw their purdahs aside, challenged orthodoxy within their homes. Then, initially with trepidation, they crossed their thresholds to demand that the so-far unquestioned "netas" in seats of power present a proper account of their actions, or else...

The movement grew in strength. In their cocoons, the high and mighty became alarmed. And the crackdown came, swiftly and ruthlessly.

"But the Bihar Andolan has not stopped. The real workers who wanted a change in society are still doing their work," claims **Ranjana Gupta,** probably Patna's only woman trade unionist.

Ranjana is one of those women who matured during the 1974 Bihar Andolan. She was in college, in her final undergraduate year, when she heard the call of 'Total Revolution'.

Bihar out on the streets. The docile illiterate masses had rebelled.

Bihar of the 1970s was in a terrible state. Most basic necessities were either too scarce or too expensive. Universities reflected the degree of corruption in society. But the government remained totally unresponsive. Citizens, almost collapsing under the strain of making ends meet, were silent.

Someone had to protest. Violence was rejected as useless — it could not change attitudes. Ranjana threw up her studies and with a group of her friends plunged into political activity. They went from house to house meeting women and talking to them.

The women were, naturally, most concerned about immediate issues, such as the price of dal and rice. "Initially, they were suspicious of our motives. Then after a week, when they came to understand the nature of our protest, they accepted us. When it came to the issue of prices of food, they gradually started helping us," said Ranjana.

Once they understood the need for changing the government, they began to understand how it could be done. The concept of the right to recall a corrupt or inefficient M.P. was explained.

The students also explained to the women the evils of dowry and caste, the need for a cleaner public life and a complete reform in education. "We told them, get together and try to build where your children can have a better life," said Ranjana.

At the height of the Bihar Movement, when the police opened fire on the satyagrahis, Ranjana recalled how old women left their homes, ready to face bullets. Two or three women with 25-day-old babies in their arms joined groups in dharna outside

the Bihar Assembly. "Then a woman thought, 'If I have to die hungry, why not die for my country?'"

Why then have the same women, who thought nothing of the sacrifices they had to make then, lapsed back into acquiescence today? "The biggest problem before women today is to educate and marry their children. Now every woman feels if her child does not do well, in school or college, he won't get anywhere in life," explained Ranjana. "Other more immediate problems have taken over." Many of these women who fought so hard against dowry, have refused to accept it for their sons, but will have to give it for their daughters.

Further, there is no leadership to show any direction. Today Jayaprakash Narayan is a very sick man. There is none other to take his place.

So Ranjana works on. The National Textile Corporation, in which she is working, did not have a union. People were employed on a daily basis and retrenched. She met ten of the retrenched people and asked them to offer dharna. Their demands were accepted. the union formed and registered.

Manimala, a vivacious young undergraduate, claims that during the Andolan fifty girls from her hostel within the Patna University campus joined the movement. Her room in her hostel is constantly full of young women avidly discussing issues, concepts. The girls of this university are among the most socially conscious women in the country. Potential victims of both dowry and caste, many are challenging both.

During the Andolan, Manimala had gone to Chandi to organize the people there. But just then she got typhoid and was out of action for six months. Later, she helped look after people who were injured in the police firing.

She is a member of the Chhatra Yuva Sangharsh Vahini — one of the visible products of the Andolan. Its 500 members are spread all over Bihar. The organization has its branches all over the country. Fiercely non-political, its members — all under thirty — are committed to the concept of Total Revolution.

Her friend **Poonam** — none of the young people of the Vahini have retained their surnames if they reveal their castes — worked during the Andolan at co-ordinating the signature campaign demanding the right to recall M.Ps.

She detailed the work of the Vahini in Patna. Twice a month they hold meetings for women in every mohalla. "We ask them if they realize the degree of their exploitation. They think that if they have food and clothes, why bother about freedom?" They also work among the slums of Patna.

Kanchan, slim and bright-eyed, the first woman convenor of the Vahini in Patna, explains: "The concepts of Total Revolution are new, so there are few of us. Our work right now is two-pronged: constructive and organizational." The Patna Vahini has fifteen 'active' women members within it.

Kalpana has married the National Convenor of the Sangharsh Vahini. A Maharashtrian and a homoeopath, she comes from a family of women who have worked for the emancipation of their sex.

The call for Total Revolution and the tremendous public response to it shook the government. It used every foul means to suppress the agitation and put the fear of authority into the people. Police brutality became an everyday occurrence.

Kalpana is appalled at the traditions that bind the Bihari woman. "Men feel she has just a body and a skin. A girl is scared of being seen talking to a man in public. She will never wish a boy she knows if she meets him on the road. Men here are aggressive and women overprotected."

Kalpana is working towards creating pressure groups of women within the city. Such groups, she hopes, will be able to move around and educate women and help them find the strength within themselves to challenge existing male concepts. One reason, she feels, why women are so 'backward' is because they do not have the proper health education. As she has a medical degree, she also plans to join a health project that will reach out to women. "The Bihar Andolan has prepared the ground for all this. If I work systematically, much will change," she claims confidently.

Now let's move away from the cities. Madhuvani is a district famous for its paintings — most of which are done by women. The sleepy little town is surrounded by fields of rice and thick ancient trees.

Heera Yadav at twenty-one is the mother of two children. She was married at sixteen to her cousin, who is an advocate. Small and plump, one infant on her arm, Heera talks proudly of the many dharnas she participated in during the Andolan. "The wind that blew during those days was a special one," she recalls nostalgically. "Women from all over the village joined in every sort of job."

She refuses to observe the purdah. "My relatives made mean remarks, but they soon got used to it," she laughs.

Her marriage was in itself a stand against casteism. "Here, in the rural areas, the lines of caste are so rigid that you cannot marry someone from a different category of the same caste. I did just this!"

Rajni Bala Agrawal looks just like one of the Madhuvani paintings — large black eyes under long winged eyebrows, a straight sharp nose and thin lips. She talks animatedly of her various escapades during the Emergency. Among the most active Andolan workers, she was hounded all through those nineteen months.

She has established a women's college in Madhuvani of which she is the principal, started a Shishu Kalyan Mandir for children and literacy courses for women — and she is just thirty-two-years old. She wants to help women to be economically independent.

Isolated and protected by the anonymity of our metropolis, it is difficult for us to understand the courage each of these women needs to step out of her tradition-bound mileu and continue her work. Seeing them, one realizes that the martyrs of the Andolan did not die for a lost cause. No, the Andolan has not yet stopped. In Bihar it continues.

The Mother PerSon

"NOBODY TOLD ME!" IS A FREQUENT LAMENT OF YOUNG MOTHERS. "THE MOTHER PERSON", BY VIRGINIA BARBER AND MERRILL MAGUIRE SKAGGS, IS ADDRESSED SPECIFICALLY TO THE MOTHER AS A PERSON AND DISCUSSES THE CHANGES A BABY CAN BRING INTO HER LIFE AND RELATIONSHIPS. IT HELPS PUT THE MANY ASPECTS OF PARENTHOOD INTO PROPER PERSPECTIVE AND THIS IN TURN COULD HELP PEOPLE AVOID AS FAR AS POSSIBLE THE DISAPPOINTMENTS, RESENTMENTS AND FRICTIONS THAT INVARIABLY AND NATURALLY ACCOMPANY THE TRANSITION FROM COUPLE TO FAMILY

THE COUPLE PLUS ONE

PART II

What no couple wants is a major new source of arguments, yet in becoming parents they've opted to face the entire 'big three' — sex, money and children. Much as we might like to cling to an image of ourselves as safe from the traps other parents fall into, we all fall prey to at least some of them. Parental tempers heat up, inevitably. **Mild as they may be in some cases, all of us at times experience feelings of resentment and hostility toward our children, who through no fault of their own must ask so much of us.** One father declared, 'There's no way to avoid some kind of resentment of the child, I'd swear to that. It will come out, regardless, in one place or another.' Another parent echoed the same sentiment: In spite of how I love Sarah, I resent many of the ways in which she's changed my life.' These two people voiced some of the lines of every man or woman who has ever lived with offspring.

One especially difficult aspect of this problem is that the hostility or resentment aroused by the circumstances of being a parent has no reasonable outlet. A colicky infant is no worthy opponent for our negative feelings, **and being unable to combat the true culprit, parents often turn on one another.** As infants mature, they grow able to express their own negative feelings toward the adults who control them, yet even then the parents are relatively defenseless. How can we respond to the two-year-old who mounts a major tantrum when we're ready to leave for an evening out? We may feel anger, frustration, guilt, but we know the child's display is a product of panic and fear of abandonment and that he needs reassurance. Many of the necessities of our adult life cause suffering for children who then retaliate in ingeniously hostile fashion.

Some husbands and wives turn to each other for comfort and share their concern, wisely trying to talk out their feelings and to dispel resentment.

One reason for increased friction betwen parents involves the various, sometimes curious, jealousies that a child provokes. Mothers frequently report signs of 'breast envy' in children; a few of the fathers we talked with had detected this as well as 'womb envy' in themselves. One father observed, 'After Amanda was born, I became a cooking fiend. Partly that was just to help out, but partly I think I wanted to be a "food producer" too, since my wife was nursing the baby. There was a kind of unconscious jealousy that drove me to the kitchen.'

Men have received little support in coping with such emotions, partly because psychiatry has deemed them insignificant. Although Karen Horney detected repeatedly what she termed 'womb envy' and 'breast envy' during her long years of practice, her theories haven't become part of our general knowledge in the way that so much diluted (and distorted) Freudianism has (though Eric Fromm also advances these envies as realities). **Yet an awareness on women's part of the possibly strong and confused emotions men can experience in relation to the pregnant woman or nursing mother, could benefit us all.**

In fairness, many books on marriage and the family point out that **the husband often feels 'helpless' and 'left out' during his wife's pregnancy and the early months of a child's life.** But such bland language conveys only part of the story. In short, **the father may reasonably envy the mother's special role in relation to the child. He may also envy the child's dependence on the mother, while she often wishes that dependency could be shared. This kind of envy can also appear in later years if the child signals strongly that the mother is the prime object in his life. And at times the mother-child unit does look highly exclusive.** One father, a publisher of children's books, found that even his special knowledge of children didn't exclude him from such sensations. 'Sometimes if Martin and Jean are doing something together, and I come in, he says, "Out! Out!" Although Jean is quick to say, "Martin, that's simply unacceptable," I'm just now getting beyond the period when my feelings were hurt, terribly.'

Even if there is a strong family unit, the father may feel slighted by the new priorities the mother has set up in order tofulfil her new schedule. 'I resent how much the children take Carol away from maintaining the kind of home we want,' declared one father. 'The children get what Carol might formerly have given to entertaining, home-making, her own physical appearance.'

No man enjoys being switched from star to supporting actor. Women don't like it either. In some families the father spends more hours with the child than the working mother, and she may begin to envy his central role in their offspring's life. In any event, **most children do switch their major interest to the male parent during one stage of their development. One mother who reported having anticipated this period with pleasure nevertheless found herself resentful and jealous when it occurred.** Couples who are aware of such emotional backlashes best avoid them by talking frankly with each other, even if it's literally over the child's head.

Far better an open discussion, even with a bit of the acerb, than an aggressive competitiveness for the child's attention. **Many mothers expressed chargin at discovering their husbands more adroit than themselves in keeping the children within moderately civilised bounds. Instead of feeling pure relief, some of us also wonder why we failed to tame the wild beast in our kids. Yet there are good reasons for dad's acuteness of observation or the weight of his authority. As one mother recognised, 'He doesn't have to cope with the kids as much as I, so he can come up with a fresh, strong solution.'** The routines a mother has developed in caring for the child, and the habits she's formed, block new information or creative solutions. After handing her child the usual bottle, one mother watched the father come in, take a look and substitute a

cup of milk, saying, 'Put both hands on the cup, Julie.' Julie did, and drank, leaving the mother feeling momentarily blind and brainless. Of course, there are reasonable explanations for the father's vision in this and similar cases, but none of us enjoys realising our child's growth sneaked by us.

There are also good reasons why a father's 'no' triggers more response in children. 'I'm around all the time,' explained one mother, 'and the kids have tested me thoroughly. They can predict my reactions, but he's a less known quantity.' Busy with chores or otherwise preoccupied, a mother's corrections and admonitions may slide into acceptance of the child's demands. Or perhaps she wavers, remembering the plenitude of rules and regulations she's already laid down earlier in the day. In other households, the woman's authority sometimes looms more powerful than the man's. She seems more an inexorable force; she doesn't disappear so often as the father does. For his part, the father may come home, issue a request or order, and get no reaction. We've known fathers who felt themselves invisible to their children, judging by the response they get from them. But such responses grow out of the way we discipline children as well as the way we relate to them in general. Parents involved in new methods of childrearing, which rely less on brandishing adult authority and more on reinforcing desired behavior patterns, avoid power politics in the playroom.

Very often mothers and fathers have strong, unmatched opinions about how children should be reared. Such parents face a new world of arguments. Couples who agree on such matters as permissiveness or on how to discipline their children and encourage their development, are a half-step ahead. Without a shared concept of the relationship between parent and child even seemingly small differences can become major battle campaigns. For example, one mother discovered that convincing her husband to 'child-proof' their home required heroic effort. His concept was that children must be taught 'not to touch'. Her concept was that children did need to learn such rules, but that meanwhile one put the ormolu clock on a high shelf and removed objects with hazardous edges.

In another family the husband was out of work for long periods of time, and his wife found that his understanding of 'taking care

Brahm Dev

of a child' did not at all match hers. She disagreed with his scolding their daughter in an effort to toilet train her. And she also observed that he was much more casual about safety matters. 'When we fight about this,' this woman recounted, 'he says that he never had close supervision as a child — there were no gates on the stairs at his house and so on — yet he survived.'

Other couples find themselves united in their approach to child care or in their values, yet divided on the question of economics. We've mentioned the inparental dispositions. **Couples often find that thinking and talking, and sometimes quarrelling, about money represents one of the changes in becoming parents.**

Some parents admitted that this new tension brought them to that nadir — 'Having this kid was your idea anyway, not mine.' Whether money or another topic elicited this last (and dirty) ditch accusation, it occurred often. And we found, to our surprise, that few husbands recalled having urged children on their wives. Most men claimed it was their wives who had wanted the child and they had merely cooperated, though the women had different memories.

Regardless of which of them is more accurate, **the real point is that the venture must remain cooperative if the family unit is to survive.** So long as men are conditioned to regard themselves as the financial life lines of their families, and women accede, then the economic pressures of children trouble fathers more severely. And not all of us are sufficiently aware of the burden that being the 'provider' is for many men.

In fact, as we investigated the various misunderstandings that occur between parents, fathers were almost unanimous in citing a conflict between career and family roles as their major difficulty. **'It seems to me that our society has two antithetical demands that it sets up for men — the demand that one be a caring parent and a professional success.** Perhaps it one is an absolute genius, he can do both because he has so much energy. But if one is not a genius, if one is rather ordinary, then the possibility of really shaping a career — not just in careerist terms, but a life, a vibrant, vital, intellectual life — and of being a caring father are just antithetical.' When we asked him to suggest why there was a conflict, he replied, 'To be a success in the terms I'm thinking of is to be unconventional, to be creative in a way that's distinctively yours, that you can do well, and that other people can't. But the idea of being a good father is a very conventional outline, a predictable gestalt.'

We were amazed at how closely this analysis matched that of mothers, with one major and telling difference: women discussed creative self-fulfilment without reference to a specific career. This is no surprise since we well know that men traditionally seek self-expression through their professional or business lives. **But what is perhaps new involves the awareness of both men and women of the restrictiveness of parental roles.** Since this awareness seems to be widespread, we wonder at the obtuseness of both sexes when they fail to discuss a mutual concern. Again and again we heard men depict themselves as the 'misunderstood husband' on just these grounds. So long as men continue to be harnessed and bridled as the chief economic work horse, then women must lend both ears to talks such as the following between Tom and Dalton, two fathers whose wives work part-time outside the home.

Tom : 'The man has a responsibility that he cannot shirk — to provide a livelihood. Beyond that he has this other responsibility to home life that he may or may not shirk, depending on the psychological necessities of his marriage. We perform beautifully. But I have a nine-to-five job, and I must be there to turn up X number of dollars a year or else the ship will not sail. That's my first responsibility in the context of our life style.'

Dalton : 'And this is the first time in the past couple of years that I've felt real resentment because I don't think my family or society realises this. I don't have a particularly glamorous job, but if I didn't have a monthly income, what would happen?'

When we asked these two fathers how they would react if the women were the chief economic providers, Tom replied, 'I'd be delighted — at least for a year. What works on me is having to be at my job every day and produce something. Women have much more physical mobility. You can be anywhere at any given time. Taking care of children, you have numerous and varied possibilities open to you.'

Although most mothers would agree that Tom has exaggerated the potential opportunities and freedom of motherhood, we might emphasise more with the enervating monotony and dehumanisation of most men's jobs.

Continued on page 39

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THE FOCAL POINT

UNUSUAL WALL DECORATIONS TO LIVEN UP DRAB WALLS

Anjum Sarwal's interest in needlework and embroidery has been predominant "ever since I could thread a needle". Wanting to do something unusual, she learnt cord work and soon gained mastery over it. This handicraft is the current craze in North India.

Chandigarh-based Anjum (21) is studying in college. "With a little patience and imagination you can make these lovely wall decorations in no time," she says.

Though rich in appearance, they are inexpensive and easy-to-make. She shows you how.

You require cords in various colours, pieces of mirrors in different shapes, an adhesive, a paint brush and cotton material for the background. Trace any design you fancy on the fabric. With the brush apply the adhesive lightly on the outline of the design, simultaneously sticking the cord in place. Care should be taken to see that the cord is not twisted as this will give an untidy effect. Complete the entire design in this manner. Mirrors should be fixed first and then edged with cord to give a neat appearance. Let dry completely.

LEFT: Perennially favourite peacock motif. Worked in bright colours, it has double framing.

ABOVE: An eye-catching scroll with the image of Kali, beautifully finished, against a black background.

Photographs : Farokh Reporter

'JACKIE O'

Camelot started collapsing moments after the wedding announcement. The news of Jacqueline Kennedy's remarriage hogged front pages around the world with headlines registering shock, dismay, and indignation. 'SHE'S NO LONGER A SAINT', screamed Oslo's **Verdens Gang.** 'JACKIE, HOW COULD YOU?' demanded the **Stockholm Expressen.** 'JOHN KENNEDY HAS DIED A SECOND TIME' claimed the **Daily Morninger** in Istanbul. Then followed the personal comments of people close to the couple, some of whom strained to offer best wishes, and others who held nothing back.

Rose Kennedy: "I'm never really surprised by my family any more."

Teddy Kennedy: "I talked to Jackie several days ago and she told me of her plans, and I gave her my best wishes for their happiness."

Sargent Shriver, then in Paris serving as Ambassador to France: "I do no know anything about it. But I feel it's not appropriate for me over here to make any comment."

Eunice Kennedy Shriver: "No comment."

Alexander Onassis: "My father needs a wife, but I don't need a mother."

Lewis Auchincloss: "Well, we assume that she needs the money. After all, how can she live on $250,000 a year?"

Gore Vidal: "I can only give you two words — highly suitable!"

Maria Callas: "She did well, Jackie, to give a grandfather to her children. Ari is as beautiful as Croesus."

President Lyndon Johnson: "No comment."

Lady Bird Johnson: "I feel strangely freer. No shadow walks beside me down the hall of the White House or here at Camp David. . . I wonder what it would have been like if we had entered this life unaccompanied by that shadow?"

Truman Capote: "I've known about it for a long time — at least six months. Let's say, I've known for six months that they were going to be engaged. The romance just came from the press. As for the official announcement, I'm happy for anything that makes her happy. We're great friends."

Coco Chanel: "Everyone knew she was not cut out for dignity. You mustn't ask a woman with a touch of vulgarity to spend the rest of her life over a corpse."

Joan Rivers: "Come on, tell the truth. Would you sleep with Onassis? Do you believe she does? Well, she has to do something — you can't stay in Bergdorf's shopping all day."

Monsignor Fausto Vallaine, chief of the Vatican press office: "It is clear that when a Catholic marries a divorced man, she knowingly violates the law of the Church."

The only person to step forward with heartfelt good wishes was Cardinal Cushing. "Why can't she marry whomever she wants to marry?" he said. "And why should I be condemned and why should she be condemned? . . . I turn on the radio and all I hear are people knocking her head off, as it were, criticizing her and so forth, and they are so far from the truth that no one would believe me if I ever got on a radio programme and revealed what I know. Few people understand Jacqueline Kennedy. . . I encouraged and helped her in every possible way. I had a letter from her that would be worth hundreds of thousands of dollars if I allowed any of the national secular magazines to publish it, but I burned the letter. That letter was thanking me for understanding her.

"I have been contacted by many of those who are identified in high places with the administration of the late President Kennedy and I have been contacted by others immediately related and associated with the Kennedy family to stop all this from taking place, namely that Jack's - widow, God bless him, would marry Aristotle Socrates Onassis. . . All I know that I am able to tell you is this: caritas, charity."

Reaction to Cardinal Cushing's remarks was hardly charitable. He was besieged with hate mail and outraged calls. He was so overwhelmed by the outcry that he decided to announce his retirement two years earlier than planned.

"I've had it," he said a few days later. "What the future status of Jacqueline's marriage in the Catholic Church is not for me to decide. But of one thing I am certain, when my dearest friend, John Fitzgerald Kennedy, the 35th President of the United States, asked me to take care of Jacqueline and the children — if anything happend to him — I can salute him today in memory and say, 'Jack, I have fulfilled my promise', but it has showered upon me so many mail deliveries, some of which are in the language of the gutter, if I may so characterize them, that I have decided to change my own plans.

"As of 24 August 1970 I propose to retire as Archbishop of Boston. At that time I shall be about 50 years a priest, about 30 years a bishop, of which about 25 years have been spent as Archbishop of Boston. Now I propose after the publicity I have received in recent days in my own native city, which publicity has been going all over the world, to offer my resignation to His Holiness Pope Paul VI at the end of this year."

The climate of hate feeling around Cardinal Cushing in Boston was not felt in the tiny Chapel of Our Lady on the Greek isle of Skorpios. There under falling rain — a Greek good luck sign for a wedding — the American queen of the world married the multi-millionaire king of international society in the most celebrated nuptials of the twentieth century.

Clutching the hand of her solemn ten-year-old daughter, Jackie walked into the chapel wearing a beige chiffon and lace two-piece Valentino dress with long sleeves that fell three inches about her knees. It was the same dress she had worn to the wedding of Bunny Mellon's daughter in Washington a few months earlier. A hairdresser was flown in from Athens to style her long brown hair in a flowing bouffant around her shoulders and a single braid falling in the back, held by a beige ribbon that matched her dress. Despite her beige low-heeled shoes, the five-foot-seven bride towered over her short, squat bridegroom, who wore a baggy blue double-breasted suit, a white shirt, and a red tie. John, Jr, and Caroline, who was dressed in white organdy, stood next to their mother holding ceremonial candles and looking quite serious and somewhat dazed. The only flower in the church was a gardenia plant bearing two blossoms. The former First Lady's secret service agent, wearing a John F. Kennedy PT-boat tie clasp, stood squarely in the door to bar reporters from entering.

At 5.15 p.m. on 20 October, 1968, a bearded Greek Orthodox Archimandrite stepped forward, clad in a gold brocade vestment and a towering black hat, to perform the thirty-minute ceremony. Hugh D. Auchincloss gave his step-daughter in marriage much as he had fifteen years before when she walked down the aisle of St. Mary's Church in Newport to wed John F. Kennedy.

"Do Thou now, Master, send

down Thine hand from Thy holy dwelling place and unite Thy servants, Aristotle and Jacqueline, for by Thee woman is united to man," intoned the priest.

In Greek he told the couple that the wife should obey and fear her husband and the husband should love his wife as Christ loved His Church. Onassis's sister, Artemis, then stepped forward to place delicate leather wreaths of lemon buds and white ribbons on the couple's heads. As the priest chanted in Greek, she criss-crossed the wreaths three times. Simple gold wedding bands were placed on their fingers and passed between them three times, the number three symbolizing the triumvirate God in the Holy Trinity. Assisted by three cantors the priest offered the couple a silver goblet of red wine to kiss before drinking. Throughout the ceremony Jackie watched the priest intently. When he started the Dance of Esiah, she took his hand and Ari's hand and led them in a promenade three times around the altar, as is the custom for a Greek wedding. There was no kiss to signal the end of the ceremony. Only the priest's words: "The servant of God Aristotle is betrothed to the servant of God Jacqueline in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Jammed into the little chapel, Jackie's wedding party stood throughout the service, crowded alongside Onassis's two children; his sister, Artemis Garofalides; his half-sister and her husband; his niece, Mrs. Panos Drakos, and her husband; his friends and business associates from Monte Carlo, Mr. and Mrs. Nicholas Kokims; and Joannis Georgakis, the managing director of Olympic Airways, and his wife. Only twenty-two persons were allowed inside to witness the wedding.

Onassis spared no effort in protecting his bride's privacy. He hired two large helicopters equipped with electric bullhorns to guard the island. A security force of 200 armed men held back the mobs of journalists and photographers who arrived earlier in the day. Patrol boats, reinforced by cruisers and helicopters from the Greek navy, circled the island to keep the reporters from getting closer than 1,000 yards.

Besieged by journalists, Jackie released a statement that morning pleading for privacy and promising to pose for pictures once the ceremony was over. "We know you understand that even though people may be well known," she said, "they still hold in their hearts the emotions of a simple person for the moments that are the most important of those we know on earth — birth, marriage and death. We wish our wedding to be a private moment in the little chapel among the cypresses of Skorpios with only members of the family present — five of them little children. If you will give us those moments, we will so gladly give you all the co-operation possible for you to take the pictures you need."

Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis is one woman whose life and style seem to be eternally fascinating to people the world over. John F. Kennedy's assassination and her poignant dignity as a beautiful young widow started a near-cult of Jackie-watchers and Jackie-worshippers. The news of her impending marriage to Aristotle Onassis was treated as a major betrayal of public trust and confidence. It hogged front pages around the world with headlines registering shock, dismay and indignation. This chapter of 'Jackie O', by Kitty Kelly ((C) Kitty Kelley), published in India by Vikas Publishers India Ltd., and to be released mid-April, tells the inside story of the controversial and splendid wedding

The post-wedding co-operation was limited to a few minutes of picture-taking. The resulting photographs, which circled the world, showed a serenely smiling thirty-nine-year-old bride with her hand through the arm of a slouching sixty-two-year-old groom. Glum expressions on the faces of Alexander and Christina Onassis made them look as if they had emerged from a funeral instead of a wedding. There was not one smiling picture of Caroline or John F. Kennedy, Jr. Both youngsters kept their little heads bowed, refusing to smile for photographers.

The wedding party left the chapel in jeeps and drove to Onassis's luxury yacht **Christina** to change clothes for the reception and dinner. Named after his only daughter, this three-million-dollar sea palace exceeded the length of a football field, was staffed by a crew of fifty, and contained lapis lazuli balustrades and solid gold fixtures in every bathroom. Basic operating costs totalled 1,140,000 dollars a year. The opulence was dazzling. There were nine cushioned guest rooms and luxurious suites named after different Greek islands, each containing a marble bathroom and ornate dressing room. The children's playroom, decorated by Ludwig Bemelmans, contained dolls dressed by Dior, a rocking horse, a specially designed slot machine for children, and exquisite hand-carved musical toys.

Onassis's private quarters at the top of a circular staircase consisted of a three-room suite. The huge study contained a 2,500,000-dollar painting by El Greco hanging over an Empire desk alongside Russian icons and swords in golden scabbards which were gifts from King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia.

The bedroom was adorned with eighteenth-century Venetian mirrors. Upon the dresser sat a bejewelled Buddha, the oldest statue of its kind in the Western world and valued at 300,000 dollars. A mirror-lined dressing room led into a Siena marble

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bathroom that looked like a temple. The bath, inlaid with flying fish and dolphins made by mosaic artists in Berlin, was a replica of the one in King Minos's Palace of Knossos in ancient Crete.

In one salon there was a landscape painting by Winston Churchill, and in another a private cinema room for watching movies. Paintings of Marcel Vertes circled the white dining-room. A grand piano sat in the huge smoking-room near an open fireplace of lapis lazuli which was installed at a cost of four dollars a square inch. The piece de resistance was the **Christina**'s swimming pool, decorated with an enlarged reproduction of another mosaic from the Minos palace. The bottom of the pool could be raised electronically to deck level and used as a dance floor.

The yacht boasted forty-two phones, plus inside lines on which guests could ring the servants' quarters for maids, valets, seamstresses and masseuses. There were bars and pantries and lounges as well as a ship's hospital with surgical and X-ray equipment. The yacht carried eight speedboats, two lifeboats, three dinghies, one sailboat, two kayaks, one glass-bottom boat, and a hydroplane.

More than a floating palace, the **Christina** served as the executive mansion for an international business empire and catered to the whims of a man of rare wealth, power and influence.

The Kennedy sisters, though accustomed to luxury, were astonished when they first stepped aboard. "My God," exclaimed Pat Lawford. "I can't quite believe it."

"Almost makes you feel poor, doesn't it?" giggled Jean Kennedy Smith.

Janet Auchincloss was equally overwhelmed. "Yes, it's quite fabulous," she told a friend later. "Almost too much so, if you know what I mean."

With or without his stupendous yacht, Janet Auchincloss was not about to accept a man older than herself as her son-in-law. Especially this man, with his sunglasses and baggy suits, who fled from Turkey to Argentina with 60 dollars in his pocket and eventually created the largest shipping empire in global history. Even with his 500 million-dollar fortune, Aristotle Socrates Onassis did not measure up to her standards. "Of course, it wasn't the marriage I wanted for my daughter," she said. "He's hardly the type of

man I hoped she'd remarry, but there was nothing I could do about it. Believe me, I tried."

Ethel Kennedy, awaiting the birth of her eleventh child and still in mourning four months after the assassination of her husband, surprised Jackie with her good wishes. The night before the wedding she sent Ari a cable. "Are there any more at home like you?" she wired. But from Eunice Kennedy Shriver there was only a frosty silence. Nor were there congratulations from Teddy. A few days later Rose finally managed to say that she wished her former daughter-in-law happiness, but there was no message of good wishes from the Kennedy matriarch on the wedding day.

After a quick toast of pink champagne in the lounge of the yacht, the guests retired to their suites to prepare for the wedding feast. Jackie spent an hour with Onassis in their private quarters while her personal maid and Lee Radziwill's governess readied the children for bed. Caroline and John, Sidney Lawford, Tina and Tony Radziwill changed into their pyjamas and nightdresses and dressing-gowns, then went downstairs to join the adults in the living-room.

Jean Kennedy Smith walked in first, wearing silver lame pyjamas. Patricia Kennedy Lawford followed her minutes later, dressed in a spectacular tunic dotted with platinum blobs the size of silver dollars. Then came Jackie, radiant in a floor-length white skirt, a black blouse, and the gold bejewelled caftan belt which the King of Morocco gave her while she was First Lady.

What she wore on the third finger of her left hand stopped everyone. Gone was the gold wedding band from John F. Kennedy worn throughout her widowhood. In its place was a huge heart-shaped cabochon ruby the size of an Easter egg, surrounded by dozens of one-carat diamonds. Dangling from her ears were identical heart-shaped rubies framed in diamonds. Transfixed by Jackie's 1,200,000-dollar cache of jewellery, no one said a word. Finally Caroline ran up to her mother and broke the silence.

"Mummy, mummy, mummy," she cried. "They're so pretty — you're so pretty." She held up her hand to Jackie's face and pushed aside her mother's long dark hair to look closely at the dazzling earrings. Jackie laughed at Caroline's pleasure in the jewels and took the ring off so her daughter could try it on her own fingers. The ten-year-old tossed the unfaceted ruby in the air, delighting her cousins as the gem twinkled and flashed against the light like a squadron of fireflies. Onassis also gave his bride a mammoth gold bracelet with rams' heads studded with rubies.

No guest ever left the **Christina** without a precious memento from the host, and this evening Onassis gave everyone treasures from Zolotas, the jeweller in Athens, the equivalent of Tiffany's in New York. Lee and Jean and Pat each received jewelled zodiac rings and the mother of the bride a diamond clip. Caroline and Sidney and Tina squealed with delight as they opened their velvet boxes containing little gold bracelets set with diamonds and sapphires. John, Jr, and Tony Radziwill each got an Acutron clock with instruments for telling the time, weather, date, latitude and longitude. "You'll need these if you're going to captain this yacht," quipped Onassis.

Getting down on his hands and knees, the tycoon began tumbling around with the youngsters, who climbed all over him shrieking with laughter. Jackie watched them lovingly and everyone watched Jackie. Guests were then ushered into the dining-room and seated for the wedding dinner. The bride and groom sat side by side. On Onassis's left sat his daughter, Christina, and next to Jackie sat Alexander. "There were toasts and tears all around," remembers one guest.

The most moving tribute came from Jean Kennedy Smith, who arose and held up her glass of wine to say, "I want to toast my dear sister." Jackie cried as she listened to her former sister-in-law who had overcome her husband's objections to be with her on this day.

Janet Auchincloss kept dabbing her eyes as guests stood to toast the bride and groom. Finally she arose, looked directly at her son-in-law, and said, "I know that my daughter is going to find peace and happiness with you."

Onassis rose and toasted the seven sisters assembled around his table, saying this was a good omen for a family now united by love and marriage. Then Jackie stood and lifted her glass. "I wish to make a toast to the only brother at this table," she said, referring to her new stepson, Alexander. Tears filled his eyes. Christina Onassis cried and hugged her father.

By the time the wedding cake was served there was not one dry eye at the table. Onassis's sisters smiled through their tears as they watched their brother enjoy himself. When the waiters brought in the cake plates, Onassis called down the table for the Kennedy sisters to look closely at the design. Imprinted on the china was an ancient Greek symbol that looked exactly like an American dollar sign, a touch Joe Kennedy's daughters readily appreciated.

Jackie and Ari cut their cake with an antique Greek knife. After everyone was served, Caroline and John, Jr, and their cousins scooped up the sugary decorations. Soon the children were hugged and kissed and sent to bed, and the adults went into the smoking-room for after-dinner drinks and dancing. Jackie and Ari sat together holding hands. They never kissed, but just looked at each other occasionally and smiled secretly, as if sharing a special bit of knowledge the rest of the world would never know.

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The next day the wedding guests left the **Christina** to fly home. Ari flew to Athens to continue the business negotiations which had been interrupted by the hurried preparations for the wedding. Jackie kissed her children goodbye and remained in Greece to begin her honeymoon with her new husband. She called Billy Baldwin in New York and asked him to fly to Greece at once to begin decorating the house on Skorpios so it would be ready for Christmas.

When the decorator arrived he was shown the house and then given a tour of Onassis's yacht. He was appalled. "Inside it was the ugliest thing I had ever set eyes on," he said. "Entirely covered with thick wall-to-wall carpeting, with tacky canvas runners... Dinner was elaborate and very good, but the table was hideous, set with bad china and fancy glasses and silver, and the flowers were overdone."

The fastidious little man was dismayed when Jackie led him into the salon for coffee. "Apple-green French-panelled walls and French reproduction furniture everywhere," he gasped.

He immediately set to work trying to get the house in shape for the holidays. Onassis gave him complete freedom, insisting that he did not want to be involved in the details. "Billy," he said, "I will help you all I can with getting the house complete, but you have to get one thing straight. This house I want to be a total surprise. I trust you and Jackie, and I don't want to know anything about it. I have only one request. Can there be a long sofa by the fire so I can lie and read and nap and watch the flames?"

The decorator gave Onassis his one request and then spent over 250,000 dollars ordering from London the furniture, curtains, and slipcovers Jackie wanted.

Reaction to the wedding continued unabated, with news of the nuptials claiming front pages for weeks. Few women in history have had the power to stop the world simply by getting married. For five years the widow of John F. Kennedy had been the hallowed object of people's admiration and overwhelming guilt. The minute she chose to marry a man outside her church and her culture, she dashed the hopes of those who had elevated her. By becoming the wife of an international buccaneer with a sixth-grade education, who fell far short of the inflated myth surrounding the late President, she broke the spell. But even as she tumbled from her pedestal, Jackie remained the cynosure of an insatiable curiosity and the subject of endless speculation.

Her picture appeared on the covers of **Time** and **Newsweek** with stories describing her as the new First Lady of Skorpios with seventy-two servants on call, the new mistress of a villa in Glyfada with ten servants, of a penthouse in Paris with five servants, of a hacienda in Montevideo with thirty-eight servants, and of a Fifth Avenue apartment in New York with five.

Other articles psychoanalysed her as the daughter of a drunken divorcee who never paid his bills and then the step-daughter of a wealthy man who refused to indulge her. As an adult she became the wife of the most powerful man in the world, a President who had mastered all manner of adversity — except for Jackie's quirks and wild extravagances. Now she was the wife of one of the richest men on earth, a man who would willingly give anything.

The press played so heavily on the age difference that Jackie looked like an ingenue and Onassis an old croaker gasping his last. The public ridiculed the marriage with a series of Jackie jokes which circulated for weeks.

Later, a book written by a steward on Onassis's yacht claimed that the servant had seen a 170-clause marriage contract signed by the couple. According to the book, it stipulated separate bedrooms for each, a 585,040-dollars-a-year allowance for Jackie while they were married, plus a 20-million-dollar settlement for her in the event of divorce. The story made headlines around the world, and even Jackie's closest friends assumed it was true.

"It's a lie, a complete lie," she told Truman Capote. "I don't have any money. When I married Ari, my income from the Kennedy estate stopped, and so did my widow's pension from the US government. I didn't make any premarital financial agreement with Ari. I know it's an old Greek custom, but I couldn't do it. I didn't want to barter myself. Except for my personal possessions, I have exactly 5,200 dollars in a bank account. Everything else I charge to Olympic Airlines."

Onassis was dissected in the press as a driven, ambitious man hell-bent on buying the world's most famous woman to add to his collection of celebrities. "He's obsessed by famous women," said Maria Callas. "He was obsessed with me because I was famous. Now Jackie and her sister, they have obsessed him and they are even more famous." Later, the diva moaned, "First I lost my weight. Then I lost my voice. Now I've lost Onassis."

Lee Radziwill tried to defend her sister's remarriage by putting Onassis in the perspective of other wealthy Europeans who lived lavishly and spent gargantuan amounts of money, throwing it around for sheer pleasure. But instead of helping, Lee's words only fuelled more controversy.

"You can call Onassis anything, but not old," insisted Lee. "On the contrary, he's very young, energetic, and vigorous. You only need to meet him to see that right away. In spite of the difference in ages, I'm convinced that my sister will be happy with him. But people aren't used to men like Onassis who exhibit their wealth. The wealthy Europeans are ostentatious with their money. They want to show everyone how rich they are, to buy every good thing that money can buy, to enjoy themselves, and even, sometimes, to have the pleasure of wasting money. Rich Americans, on the other hand, are more strait-laced with their money. They establish libraries, they're philanthropic, they support political movements. It's as though they must buy forgiveness for having so much wealth. Americans can't understand a man like Onassis. If my sister's new husband had

'JACKIE O'

been blond, young, rich and Anglo-Saxon, most Americans would have been much happier, I suppose."

The supposition was correct. Americans were devastated by Jackie's choice. She in turn was embittered by the public's outcry but also resigned to the furore swirling around her. She read thousands of words written about the wedding that weekend, carefully combing papers from around the world.

On the private island of Skorpios she sought refuge from the world's outrage, not knowing then that her wedding was the opening night of a Greek tragedy that would play for the next seven years — a drama that was to plague her with a series of deaths and family scandals that would eventually rob her of the happiness she so desperately wanted.

The fear she had experienced in marrying into the Kennedy family and coping with their pursuit of power nearly overwhelmed her as a twenty-four-year-old bride. She soon realized she was not emotionally equipped to deal with politics on their level, and the effort almost claimed her psychological equilibrium. She could never be recompensed for the murders of her husband and her brother-in-law. She directed her bitterness towards the country which stimulated such violence. Marrying a foreigner who had no stake in American politics seemed like an ideal escape from her lonely role as the enshrined widow of a martyred President. She could now wrap herself around a man who would indulge her and amuse her and treat her as the wife-child she always wanted to be. She would never have to account to him for the money she spent. She could begin another life removed and remote from the role of American heroine, an unnatural, even painful part she was forced to play on the world's stage. "I'm an outsider — and that's uncomfortable in American life," she had said months before.

Never knowing sustained happiness, she had always felt cheated. She naturally gravitated to a man who promised her a life free from care and concern and the Kennedys. The good luck rain that fell on the little chapel on Skorpios on her wedding day was to consist only of intermittent showers of happiness. There would be buckets of diamonds and 60,000-dollar sable coats and priceless paintings, antiques and artifacts, but no real inner, spiritual happiness. In her more desperate moments, Jackie tried to forget how she really felt by going on wild spending sprees clocked at 3,000 dollars a minute.

For the first time in her life she could shop and spend and buy without accounting to anybody for anything. She didn't even have to bother with cash. Her face was her charge plate. The bills were sent directly to the Onassis office, where they were paid by an indulgent tycoon who delighted in pleasing his wife. He could afford her compulsion to shop, her obsession to redecorate, her passion to accumulate. "God knows Jackie has had years of sorrow," he said. "If she enjoys it, let her buy to her heart's content." He showered her with trips and vacations and cruises around the world, with first-class accommodations, with suites filled with flowers and fruit and champagne. He summoned perfumed tribes of international celebrities to entertain her, chauffeur-driven Rolls-Royces to transport her, bodyguards to protect her, and private planes to fly her wherever she wanted to go. All that money could buy rained down on Jackie.

The only thing she could not afford was protection from the maelstrom of events which was to envelop her, wreaking havoc on her new marriage. The woman Jack Kennedy once described as 'fey' would soon know the darker definitions of that word: she would be marked by apprehensions of death and calamity. With her second husband she would become almost unfeeling. She would agonize with him over the sudden death of his sister-in-law and the mysterious death of his first wife. Together they would bury his only son, Alexander. They would suffer the scandal of Chappaquiddick and the drowning of one of the young women with Teddy Kennedy. They would mourn the death of Ambassador Joseph Kennedy, the death of Cardinal Cushing, and the death of Stas Radziwill. Later, they would be brushed by the cancer of young Teddy Kennedy and the amputation of his leg. They would survive the suicide attempt of Christina Onassis and her hasty nine-month marriage, but the tragedies would take their toll. Eventually they would lose everything they sought for themselves as husband and wife. In the end, only the death of Onassis would save Jackie from the shame of divorce, leaving the wife-child a widow once again.

(To be continued)

ANSWERS TO EVE'S WEEKLY QUIZ CONTEST-20

1. **Marie Curie**
2. **J. P. Narayan**
3. **Munshi Premchand's story 'Kafan'**
4. **John Adams and Thomas Jefferson**
5. **I. S. Johar**
6. **Amiya Tarafdar**
7. **Escutcheon**
8. **West Germany**
9. **C. P. Snow**
10. **Kaladi in Kerala, birthplace of Adi Shankara**
11. **8 times**
12. **Vijayalaxmi Pandit**

N. Radhakrishnan and Niranjan Naik, both of Bombay, who sent in the all-correct solution, share the first prize of Rs. 200. Each will get Rs. 100.

WHAT'S NEW

To help you keep track of the useful new products that come into the market now and again.

Introduced by Corn Products is this Rex Kheermaker to make kheer in a matter of minutes. It is flavoured with elaichi, kesar and badam — a tempting combination. The Kheermaker comes handy for preparing several other sweets and kulfi too. Price: Rs. 2.20 (taxes extra) for a 100 gm. packet. Available at all leading stores.

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"Even people who think they know me well don't always know the aspect of me revealed in my paintings," said Nikki Ty-Tomkins S. who recently exhibited at the Taj Art Gallery, Bombay.

"A woman is forced to lead a dual existence — one, a facade she maintains for others, and the other a repressed reality of intellect, emotions and sexuality. Most people only know my social face... a parody of 'namaste ji' 'haanji' 'theek hai ji' and the unnatural frivolity they expect of a woman who seemingly has it all —a good husband, a beautiful home, no financial worries, what more could she possibly want? my exhibition, called **Dichotomies,** tries to convey some of the conflicts that go on within every woman, yet most of us have been so severely conditioned that our conflicts scarcely register on our consciousness."

NIKKI TY-TOMKINS S.

DICHOTOMIES, the two faces of womanhood

Meher Pestonji

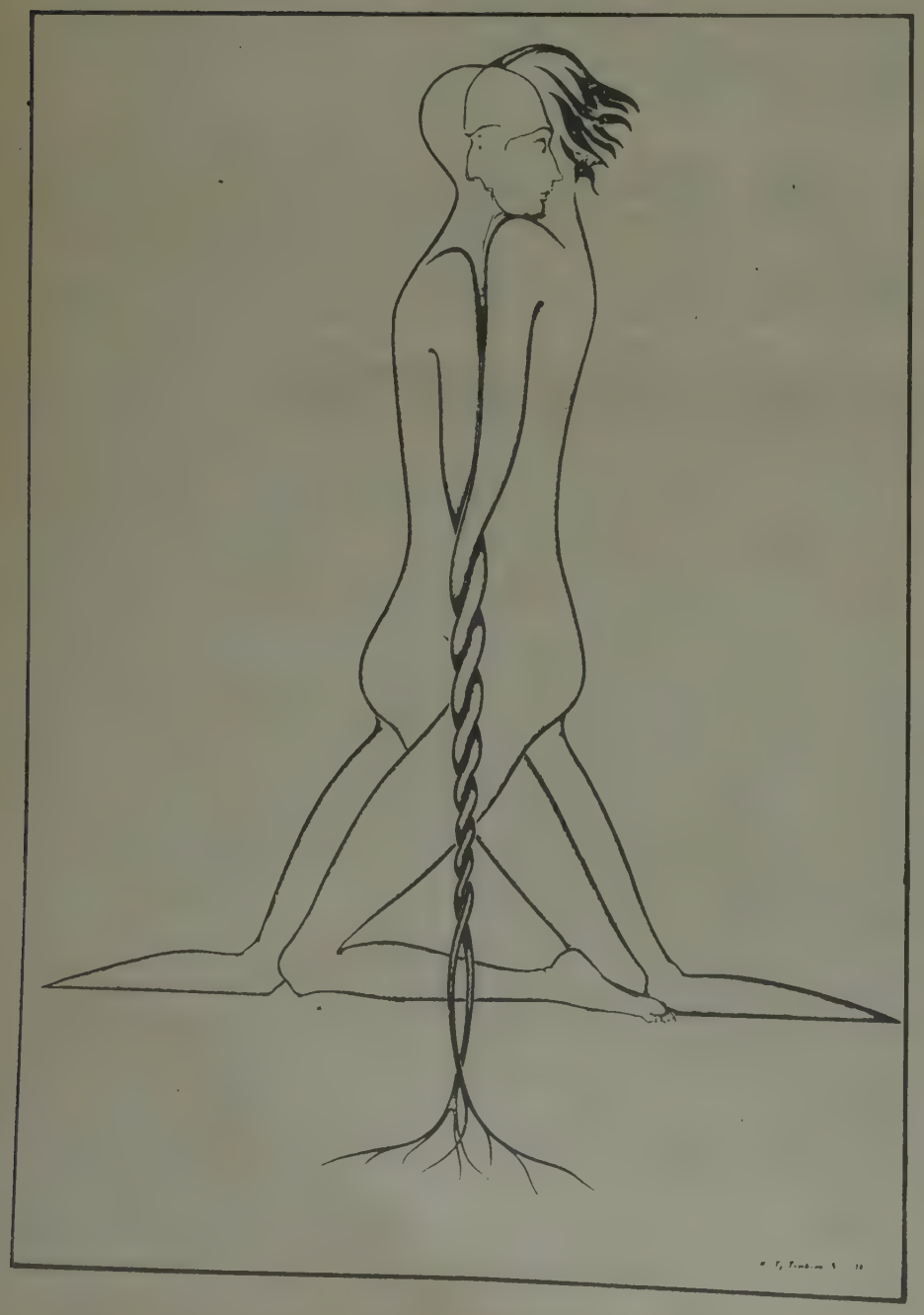
Nikki's drawings attempt to convey that in the existing set-up man's expectations of woman are restricted to sex and motherhood and that he attempts to chain her to these roles. The lobotomized figures signify that a woman is not expected to have a brain and is not respected for using it. Nikki wants to state that the sexual, emotional or intellectual dimension of a person cannot be promoted at the expense of another and that for the realization of one's full potential all aspects of the personality must be allowed to flower and express themselves.

Nikki, a Canadian married to an Indian, was converted to feminism after years of being a silent witness to instances of discrimination against women. "How many times do we hear of cases of a woman being denied a job on the grounds that she will soon get married, or if she is already married, that she will soon get pregnant, and stop working? How many woman are denied admission to institutions for professional education such as medical colleges for the same reasons? And haven't we all watched our mothers deliberately suppressing their opinions to avoid confrontations with our fathers, especially in areas like politics, or finance or even sports? And how long should this be allowed to continue?"

Feminism, as Nikki explains it, is not an attempt to prove woman's superiority over man, nor is it a challenge to manhood. Rather, it is quest for sharing both roles and responsibilities, with the aim of enriching the quality of life for both women and men. For instance a woman being liberated from the traditional domestic role simultaneously involves the man's being liberated from the traditional economic-supporter role. Domestic as well as economic responsibilities are shared.

Nikki regrets that the only kind of pure love, mother-love (which is unselfish only because it is instinctive) is exploited to enslave woman and chain her to a role, at the expense of developing her other faculties.

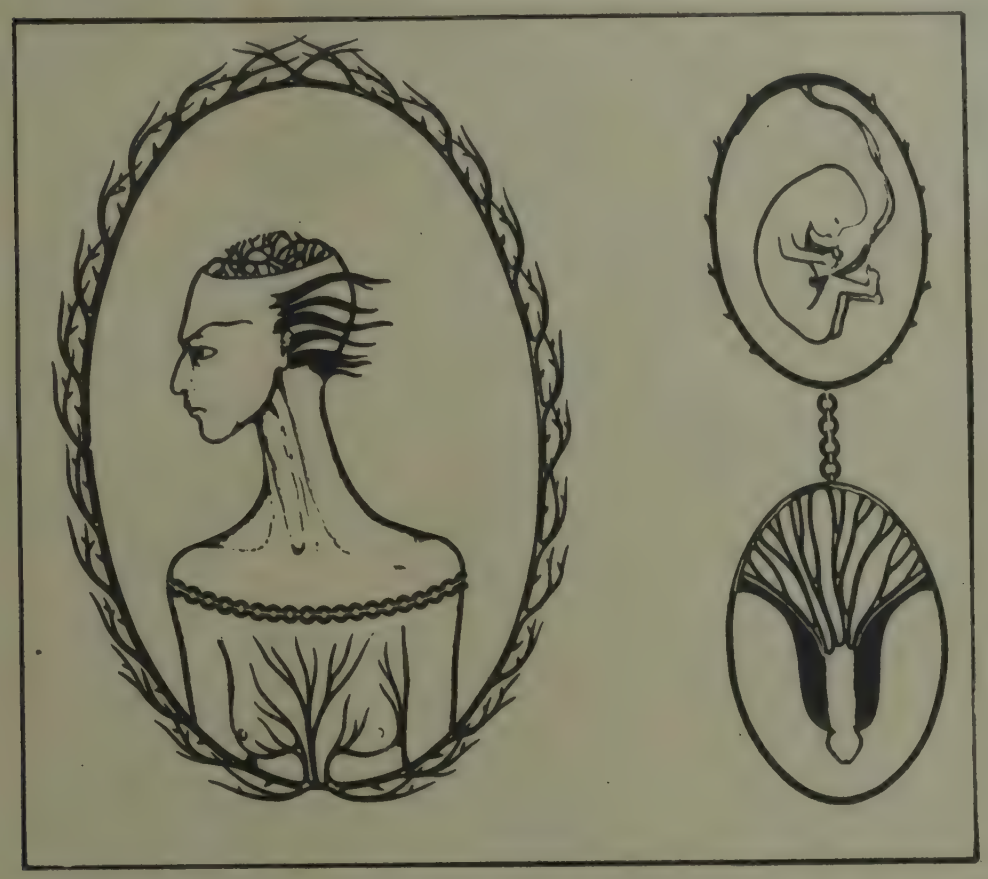
"I don't see why the concept of an intelligent woman appears intimidating to a man, and why he should need to try and aug-



Walls of fear divide two persons reaching for each other, yet haunted by ghosts of their pasts.

LEFT : Complete union, a search for joy through wholeness with the fusion of complementary male and female traits.

ment himself by diminishing her. For to allow a woman to express her intelligence also gives man the freedom to express his emotions — something he has been forced to repress all these generations. Complete union between man and woman implies a search for wholeness, a fusion



Dichotomy refers to woman deprived of her brain-power and edged in by a frame of thorns; a woman chained to sex and motherhood.

of complementary male and female traits balanced physically mentally, emotionally and spiritually. A woman complete in herself is as much of a rarity as a man complete in himself. So why should man feel threatened?"

Another series of four drawings titled **La Muraille** portrays a relationship between two persons who strain to reach each other but are haunted by ghosts of their past. Contact, real and intimate, is across a gulf of despair symbolized by a barren and broken tree. Walls of fear isolate the individuals and hold them back from a possibly satisfying relationship. "For," she asks "when you have a vision of joy can you settle for pleasure?"

Nikki came to India twelve years ago with "an Arabian Nights image of the country, the culture and the people. "For the first six years I revelled in the beauty of the countryside, in the warmth and hospitality of the people, and marvelled at the gorgeous display of silks and and jewellery at social functions. It took me six years to realize that the Arabian Nights image is a fantasy and at some time you have to face the realities which include poverty, struggle and even death."

In Canada, Nikki was an aspiring concert pianist. Music to her is a form of cathartic release. "Western classical music is not creative in the sense that unlike Indian music it offers little scope for improvization or self-expression. Most of the time you are interpreting the works of other composers rather than making any statements yourself. In many ways I find this more relaxing than the concentration real creativity demands.

"After I came to India I wanted to diversify to other spheres of art. Too many artists stagnate by remaining on the same track, long after it becomes inexpedient to do so. I believe a sharpness of sensibility and a harmony of emotive expression are common among all artists, and a person who is proficient at one art form can learn to master another. When I found there was little scope for a Western classical musician in India I switched to writing fiction and free-lance journalism. At the moment I am pouring myself out in painting."

She believes that the value system of the West has become warped and has triggered off dissatisfactions. "In the fifties Western literature and music, in fact, the entire cultural environment, fostered the myth of romantic love and the happily-ever-after syndrome. Together with this, taboos began to break down. Courting couples were permitted to kiss, neck and pet, yet were not expected to consummate the relationship for as long as two or three years, till they were married. I believe this is going against nature. Inevitably, there were lapses and these created so much guilt and tension that it was bound to be destructive to the couple in the long run. In the sixties society faced a complete turnabout of values. Couples started sleeping together even before they really knew each other. As a result, there is another equally destructive situation in which people lack a sense of commitment or mutual confidence and relationships crumble with the first crisis.

Nikki's changing self concept is not just a Western view but represents a growing awareness among all women of the identity crisis they face in a male-defined world. Theirs is the struggle of an awakening consciousness striving to break away from generations of indoctrinated tradition. The emerging woman will be a person in her own right rather than an amalgam of expectations, duties and sacrifices. Various dimensions of her fragmented personality will be soldered together as she finds her sense of selfhood. Tomorrow's woman will be herself.

NALINI KEMBHAVI

KARNATAKA ARCHITECT

One of the few women architects in Karnataka, Nalini Kembhavi, along with her husband Sharad, recently achieved the distinction of winning a prize in a design competition for Janata hotels organised by the India Tourism Development Corporation (ITDC). The team won the 2nd prize in category C with their design for a 250-300 bed hotel-cum-shopping complex.

Nalini, now in her twenties, was in her third year in the JJ College of Architecture when she got married. She had no thought, however, of discontinuing her studies. In fact, she jokes, she married Sharad because he was an architect. She got her degree and a son in the same year. Since then husband and wife have been working together in Hubli.

The remarkable thing about this couple is that they have achieved, in what most urbanites would call a small town, a lifestyle that is remarkably modern. Nalini is not just a helper, taking the subsidiary role. Their's is a partnership in the real sense. Designing is done together; execution is Sharad's share, while Nalini handles the office and designing interiors. Though a Bombay-bred girl, Nalini has adapted herself well to a small town environment. While she enjoys her profession tremendously and works full-time at it, she plays with equal gusto her role within the family, though an encouraging husband and a helpful and understanding mother-in-law have been two great assets.

Though this recent award has been a shot in the arm, one notices no complacency in either of the two. And neither of them has the desire to move out to a bigger place. There are certain advantages, they feel, in working in a smaller place. "We can mould people's tastes and create an awareness of aesthetic values."

Nalini feels that architecture is an ideal career for women. It is very creative and very satisfying.

Shashi Deshpande

Silken Soft Woman by Binny

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Pure Silks

To match a woman's many lovely ways,
Binny has more than one way with silk.

Printed and plain chiffons,
georgettes, soft silk and Sonata
shot silk sarees; wedding sarees;
printed and plain silk fabrics.

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THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I WANT TO COMPLAIN ABOUT DIRTY DRINKING FOUNTAINS IN ECHO PARK-
PARK DEPT.
SEE MR. JONAH NEXT DOOR-
COMPLAINTS
1-14
I WANT TO COMPLAIN...
YOU WANT MR. BEAGLE, ROOM 24 -
ABOUT DIRTY DRINKING FOUNTAINS -
DOWN THE HALL AND TO YOUR LEFT -
YOU AGAIN?
YES ?
COMPLAINTS
I WANT TO COMPLAIN ABOUT NUDE SUN-BATHERS IN ECHO PARK -
WHAT ?
CAN WE SERVE YOU?
THAT'S WHAT WE'RE HERE FOR!
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THAT'S A LAUGH!

"What a fine singer. His voice really filled the hall."

"Yes — several people had to leave to make room for it."

* * *

"I'm given to vanity," said the young female penitent in the confessional box. "Why, only this morning I found myself looking into the mirror and thinking how beautiful I was."

"Don't you worry about that," said the priest. "To be mistaken is not a sin."

* * *

Two mothers talking:

"It's really none of my business, but have you noticed what your daughter is up to?"

"Why, no. What is it?"

"She's knitting tiny garments."

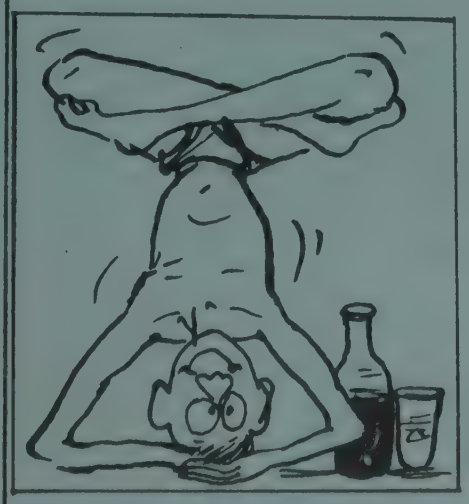
"Well, thank goodness. I'm glad to see she's taken an interest in something besides running around with boys."

* * *

A notorious drunkard-about-town was persuaded to take up yoga to pull himself together. After ten months of torturing long-unused muscles, he became quite proficient at it too. "Has yoga helped him?" his wife was asked.

"In one way," she answered. "Now he can get drunk standing on his head."

* * *



Ramesh visited his doctor complaining of seeing striped camels when he tried to get to sleep.

"Have you ever seen a psychiatrist?" asked the doctor.

"No, never," replied Ramesh, "just striped camels."

* * *

Two friends met on the street one day. The first said, "Well, George, I read in the paper this morning that your rich aunt passed away."

"That's right," said the other. "Just imagine, I spent the last eight years pretending I was fond of her darn cats so she would remember me in her will."

"Is that a fact? And what did she leave you?"

"The cats."

* * *

"Darling," said the anxious young man, "will you marry me?"

"No," she said frankly, "but I will always admire your good taste."

* * *

The man in the cinema queue felt someone touching his back. Turning around he saw a girl about to leave the queue.

"I'm going across the road

to get some cigarettes," she said.

"Well, that doesn't interest me," said the man.

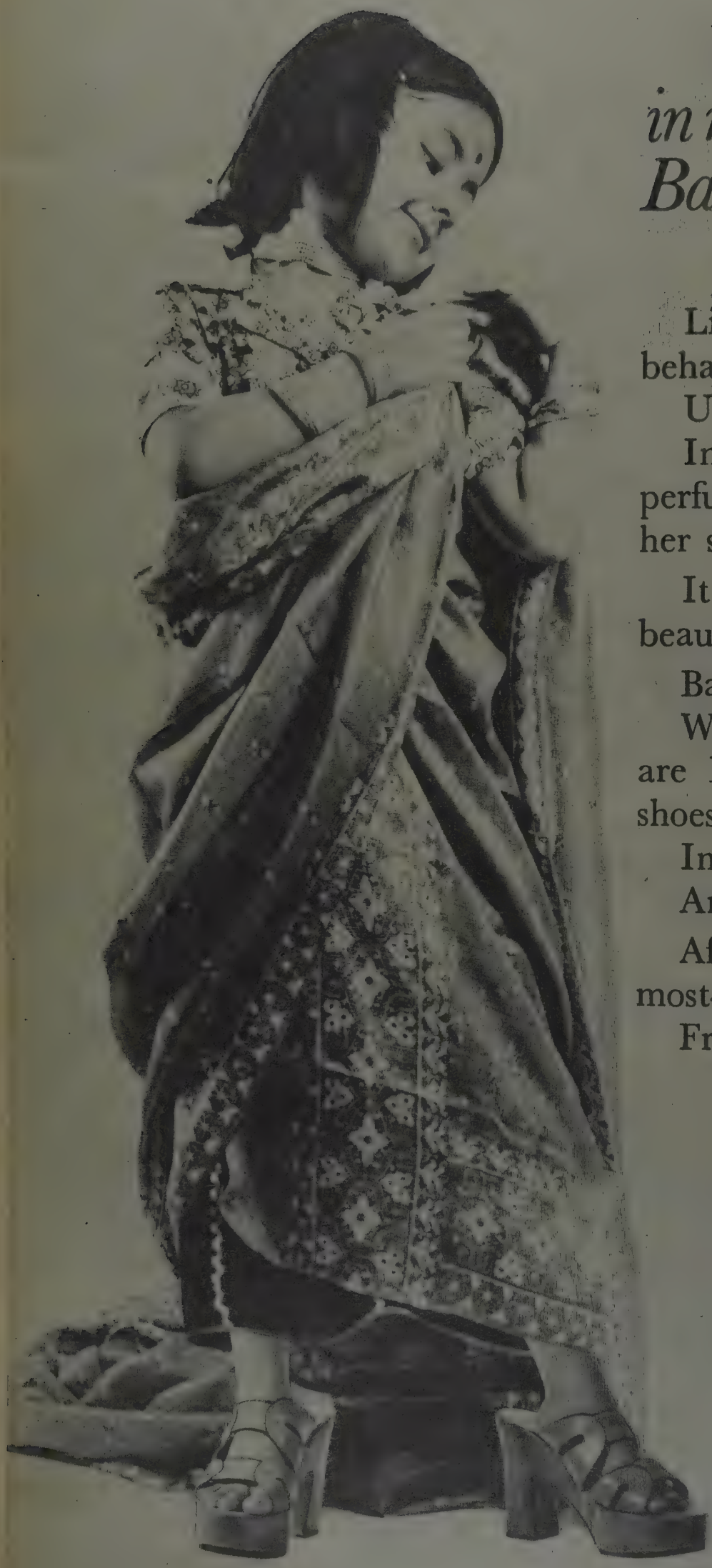
"I know," was the reply, "but I've put a chalk mark on your back in case I forget my place."

* * *

Advertisement in a widely-read paper: "Lost — thick glasses. Finder please advertise in large print."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe



When little ones follow in mummy's footsteps, Bata fashions follow too.

Little girls are always trying to behave like grown-ups.

Usually their mummies.

Imitating her, using her lipstick or perfume, donning her saris or wearing her shoes.

It's every little girl's need to look as beautiful as her mummy.

Bata understands little women.

Which is why our children's shoes are Lilliputian versions of women's shoes.

In styling and looks.

And comfort.

After all, every girl wants one thing most—to look beautiful.

From head to foot.

In the International Year of the Child, Bata remembers little girls wherever they are in India. Or in the world.

Bata

a good deal more than good shoes

Bata/CAS-PR-3/79

the raid on the city

Savia Viegas

THREE strange men had raided the city. They spread terror wherever they went. On seeing them people developed strange reactions. The eccentric Parsee woman who read her Zend-Avesta every morning on the steps of the shop, on hearing them speak had fled leaving her dog-eared copy to the mercy of hurrying feet. The others too reacted abnormally. People scuried behind window curtains and exchanged gossip — the strange ones were around.

The strange men lurked in open places. They were at the mosque at sunrise talking to people or chatting with the flower-sellers at the temple. They gathered crowds of children around them in the heat of the afternoon, and evening saw them at the bar where the working masses enlivened their dying spirits. They got talking to the masses, yet were distinguishable from them.

They wore no clothes except loincloths. They were small and dark. And on their bare backs were three deep, shocking pink gashes, which contrasted with their black skins. They had long sadhu-like beards which were browned and knotted. And their noses with upturned nostrils were like the nozzle of a gun — aimed at a target. Their eyes were bloodshot and had a mystic expression that no one could fathom yet took liberties to interpret in various ways.

The city councillors were filled with panic. They met in haste, shaken by the fear that spread over the city. They discussed a scrap of poem that had been pasted on the city walls the previous night.

Speak out the
vengeance
of rights denied.
Open the rusty padlocks
on your mouths
whose keys are lost
In the run of the centuries.

Chin in hand, the eldest councillor pondered. "They will destroy the peace of our nation; they are dangerous elements. They threaten our peace. They are dangerous elements," he repeated. "We must be rid of them. They are evil, they will lead our people astray. They will knock down these old walls that have fortified us. We will be left without defences." He let his eyes wander through the window to the glittering neon lights of the city. He let them rest there.

THE THREE STRANGE MEN DISTURBED THE CITY COUNCILLORS. "THEY THREATEN OUR PEACE," THEY SAID. "THEY WILL KNOCK DOWN THE OLD WALLS THAT HAVE FORTIFIED US. WE WILL BE LEFT WITHOUT DEFENCES."

"The civilization our ancestors have built for us must not be destroyed," he said. "In it there is security and peace. Let no madmen's impulses sway the beautiful sedate city, disturb its dreams and awake nightmares. We must stop them from getting to the people. Arrest them and make them submit to us or else death will be their reward." He pointed one thick finger to the east where the square of doom was. The noose dangled about aimlessly, caressed by the eastern wind. The others understood and nodded.

"Let the city's 'officers of peace' search and capture them. Let these infidels be brought bound hand and foot and tongue-tied to the public square.

Continued on page 43

FASHION O

WIN-A-W

This is the fourth of 12 fashion features which will enable you to Win-a-Wardrobe from Delhi's exclusive boutique SOPHISTICATION. This unique scheme was announced in Eve's Weekly issues dated December 3, 1978, and January 13, 1979.

Salwar suits add a fresh note to your summer collections in cool colour combinations in cottons and bosky. You may be the lucky winner of these fabulous outfits. Just clip and keep the coupons published every month. A minimum of ten coupons, collected out of serial Nos. 1 — 12, will entitle you to participate in the lucky draw.

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THE MONTH

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2. Grand Fashion Show will be held by Sophistication/Eve's Weekly, around March, 1980. The three winners will be invited. They will be given return Railway Fare plus Rs. 200 for expenses.
3. A minimum of 10 coupons, out of coupons numbered 1—12 must be sent, in one lot, latest by **January 25, 1980,** after the publication of the 12th feature in December, to The Editor, Eve's Weekly Ltd., Peraj Building, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay-400 023.

CREATIVITY AT WORK

Merely learning to perform the works of great masters is not necessarily an adequate ingredient for the development of creativity in children. The search is on for a dramatic and musical education that will nurture the entire developmental process, rather than only satisfy the need to perform

Taima Tyebji

The school concert, with its repertoire of plays, singing recitals, dances and band music, has been the annual feature in many schools, functioning as an attempt at creative education or just as a break from studies. Many teachers, however, have been reacting against this, and feeling that the children are being merely trained like circus animals to put up a show before parents. A few concerned people like Barry John, drama teacher, and Param Vir, musician and teacher, have begun to search for a dramatic and musical education that would nurture the entire developmental process, rather than only satisfy the need to perform.

If learning to perform the works of great masters, you may ask, is not an adequate ingredient for the development of creativity, then what is? Perhaps a glimpse into the three-day creative drama and music workshop for young children that Barry and Param Vir conducted in January at the invitation of Max Mueller Bhavan, Bombay, might help us to begin to find an answer.

The body is as necessary a tool of expression as words are and in order that the children's bodies could find ways of expressing their imaginations, Barry concentrated on guiding them to explore and learn a wide vocabulary of movements that extend beyond those that are a part of daily living and traditional theatre. "Children first need to be able to release their bodies in order to get in touch with and release their own vital imaginations," explained Barry. "This is a difficult task, for the experience of their bodies and their feelings has to a great extent got negated. So these have first to be revived in order that the imagination can find release through the dramatic experience."

With this in mind Barry took the children through a series of movement exercises, simple ones to start with, and more challenging ones later. In most of the exercises, the children found it necessary to be very observant of other children's movements. For instance, the simplest exercise required that the children walk or stride around the room. This helped them learn to be alert and aware of the movements around so as to prevent collision. In the later exercises the children had to minutely observe and reproduce one another's movements.

Each exercise had been designed with its own inherent structure to which each child had to adhere, so that he could then explore the different possibilities within its limits. For instance, during the second exercise each part of the body had to experiment to discover its own range of movements. This demanded that the children keep all other body parts still. Such control did not come readily and only when the children could adhere to such a limitation, did they find they were more free while working with one part of the body.

In one exercise, the entire group of children had to precisely imitate the movements of the leader. When the latter clapped, any child who so wished could take on the leadership role. The aim of this exercise went beyond developing a fine sense of observation: it also created an opportunity for exchange of roles and established a sense of equality within the group.

Another interesting exercise was the action-reaction one done in pairs. Child A made a movement and then stopped. Then child B made his own individual movement before freezing again. Now it was A's turn to respond. Each was to thus continue moving as if it were a dialogue using movement instead of words. The children's initial response to this exercise was a rather limited one. In an attempt to stimulate them, Barry demonstrated with a partner, and later he commented on their efforts. "What you are doing is miming. Don't act out real situations like shooting with guns (as one of the kids was doing), just let your body move and find out the different ways it wants to be . . .sometimes you can say long sentences with your body, sometimes short ones, and at other times paragraphs, perhaps." Gradually the children eased

The children choreographed their own movements to a piece of music. Here they act like boatmen and fish in the sea.

The children were able to enlarge their vocabulary of sound, in terms of their own inherent sense of beauty, by experimenting with this medium.

and became less dramatic. Two days later, when they did this exercise again, at an exhibition at the end of the workshop, movements flowed from their bodies with greater facility.

Some music by Hamel had been played on the first day to the children, who had been asked to note down any images, feelings, or story that had come to their minds while they listened.

Barry discussed these associations, so that the common ones could be drawn out and used as a basis for choreographing their own movements to the same piece of music.

"Now, everyone move and interpret the music individually. If you find yourself near other children — react to their movements. You can't go wrong. Let anything happen. . . . You can break away from the group if you want to."

Barry helped the children focus on a set of particular images — waves, fishermen rowing and catching fish, fish swimming and birds flying. Particular images were identified with particular parts of the music piece. The children attempted to interpret each image individually and then chose the movement that they all felt was most appropriate. Under Barry's guidance the movements were all welded together to form a continuous piece — which they rehearsed in order to discipline and coordinate themselves. For the onlooker the result was a visual delight. And what did the children feel about their experience? "We like acting in school plays but this is better. We haven't just acted out parts written and chosen by other people, we have been able to perform the parts and movements that we ourselves have created," said one articulate child.

Now let us take a look at the children's music experiences, which were led by Param Vir. The follow-the-leader exercise and the question-answer exercise (described earlier on), that had been done with movement as a medium on the first morning, were carried out using rhythm instead, later that same day.

Next, he asked them to each try out a variation on the basic beat pattern composed of four regular beats, perhaps breaking up some of the beats into more parts. The children's individual experiences were extended into a group one,when they were asked to play their variations simultaneously.

Param Vir created an opportunity, in the next exercise, for the children to find out how their voices could be used as a medium for creating music. They were not given words which were to be sung, as the exercise aimed at helping the children explore outside the limits of established musical concepts. Instead, Param Vir asked them to try out different phonetic sounds like fa, bo, chay, noo, hee, sa, making each sound at any pitch they liked. They then chose and combined some sounds to form a collage of vocal sound.

On the last day, only those children who had some previous experience of playing with instruments worked with Param Vir. "What did you do all morning?" I asked them. "Each of us worked on our own and used all the different percussion instruments and three glockenspiels (an instrument like a xylophone), trying to find out what sound patterns we could create on each one." In the afternoon they all worked to combine these individual patterns together. Not only did they use instruments to make sounds, but also their voices and even paper! One child had brought his flute and another his violin.

"Today's work has helped them to expand their concepts of beauty," reflected Param Vir at the end of the day. "The children came up with new sounds on their instruments, a screech on the violin, for instance, which would be rejected by traditional music teachers. But when I asked them for their reaction to these sounds, it was evident that they enjoyed them."

At first, when the unusual sounds were played, the children would go off into peals of laughter. But with the realisation of how this interfered with their work, control and discipline was naturally achieved. Concentration began to emerge as the need to look for and be aware of the differences in sound was realised. When the challenge to create is thrown open to children, how naturally they are able to evolve self-discipline — an ingredient so absent in any form of traditional education.

Through practical exercises and stimulation, Barry and Param Vir had drawn out the children's own potential to work with sound and movement. They had made it quite clear that only by breaking away from the idea that learning means merely copying and reproducing, can we find out how children can creatively react with their lives.

Both Barry and Param Vir felt that this workshop had been a difficult and hard work on their part, because it had been such a compressed one. Some of the later exercises would have been more rewarding if they had been introduced after the children had had more experience with the first few. During the creative sessions, the children in this group have gradually come up with their own improvizations, and Barry and Param Vir are helping them weld these into a complete musical drama.

EASTER GOODIES

Cooking for Easter means making skilful use of the foods that are plentiful. Vary your menu from lamb to fish and sweet preparations. For the young, gaily decorated Easter baskets with brightly coloured eggs, bunnies and chickens adorn both table and food decorations. SUSHILLA VASWANI suggests a few of the traditional dishes prepared on this festive day.

BUNNIES IN THE PARK

2 packets lemon jelly
1 tin pears, halved
A few drops of green food colouring
2 small cups vanilla ice cream
6 cups water
25 grams currants (black)
25 grams cherries

Bring the water to a boil. Remove from the fire and put in the jelly and colouring. Mix well till jelly dissolves. Pour out into a large dish. When set, place the pears over it. Use black currants for the eyes and cherries for mouths, and ice cream as tails. Set for few minutes and serve.

COCONUT MACAROONS

2 egg whites
4 tbsps. dessicated coconut
½ tsp. vanilla essence
25 grams butter
2 tbsps. cashewnuts, ground
60 grams sugar, ground
25 grams cherries
60 grams castor sugar

Beat the egg whites very stiff. Add in the ground sugar and castor sugar gradually. Beat well and then add essence and ground cashewnuts. Mix

lightly and add the dessicated coconut. Mix well lightly till thick. Place a tablespoon of this mixture on a greased dish with half a cherry in the centre. Place the macaroons far from one another as whilst baking, they tend to spread. Bake on slow oven for 30 to 45 minutes till light brown.

CHOCOLATE ECLAIRS

50 grams butter or margarine
70 grams sugar
2 eggs, beaten
1 cup milk and water mixed
80 grams flour

Put the butter, milk and water in a small pan. Heat till butter melts and the milk boils. Remove the pan from the fire and add in the flour at once. Mix well with a wooden spoon till mixture is smooth and comes clean from the sides of the pan. Cool it. Add the beaten eggs. Mix well. The paste should be smooth and shiny. Fill the paste into a piping bag with an half inch nozzel. Pipe out the eclairs about 2 inches long on a greased dish. Bake in a moderate oven for 30 minutes. Let it cool. Slit them lengthwise. Fill it with butter icing and top it with chocolate glaze icing.

FOR THE BUTTER ICING:
100 grams margarine
1 tsp. cocoa powder
4 tbsps. icing sugar
1 tsp. milk

Beat margarine and sugar till light and fluffy. Add in cocoa mixed with milk. Mix till smooth. Fill the eclairs.

FOR THE CHOCOLATE GLAZE ICING:
6 tbsps. icing sugar
¼ cup warm water
1½ tsps. cocoa
1 tsp. butter

In a double boiler mix icing sugar, cocoa, water and butter. Blend into a smooth glossy consistency. Remove from fire and top the eclairs. Keep the eclairs in fridge or in a cool place till the icing is well set.

MEXICAN STUFFED FISH

1 whole pomfret, slit on sides
½ cup macaroni, boiled
½ cup cheese, grated
50 grams butter
1 boiled egg
Salt to taste
10 Kashmiri chillis
½ cup vinegar
10 cloves garlic

Soak the chillis and garlic in vinegar for 3 hours. Grind into a fine paste.
Mix the ground paste with macaroni, boiled eggs, half of the cheese and salt. Mix well. Stuff it into the fish. Sprinkle grated cheese. Dot with butter and bake in a moderate oven. Place it over bed of salad leaves and garnish with onion rings and cucumber rings.

SCOTTISH CHICKEN ROLLYS

½ cup salami, shredded
½ cup chicken, boiled and shredded
½ kg potatoes, boiled
2 egg yolks
1 tsp. garlic and ginger paste
2 tbsps. tomato sauce
Salt to taste
Juice of one lime
2 capsicums, thinly sliced
1 tbsp. Worcestershire sauce
2 egg whites (beaten)

Mash the potatoes and mix well with all the above ingredients. Form into small rollys. Dip in egg whites and deep fry.

FRENCH HAMMY YAMMY FRITTERS

100 grams ham, shredded
2 cubes cheese, grated
2 eggs, beaten
2 tbsps. flour
1 tbsp. cornflour
50 grams salami
1 onion, finely chopped
½ tsp. chilli powder
Salt to taste
Oil for frying

Beat the eggs very stiff. Add the flour, cornflour, salt, chilli powder and cheese. Beat well. Add the shredded ham, salami and the chopped onion. Mix well, and deep fry.

GLOSSARY OF TERMS

MARATHI —— 2

In response to requests from readers, we now give you every fortnight, equivalent terms in various languages, to clip and keep for your record.

VEGETABLES (Contd)

Ash Pumpkin	Kohala
Cluster Beans	Gawar
Corn	Maka
Gherkins	Tondli
Green Chillis	Mirchi
Sweet Potatoes	Rataale
Mustard leaves	Mohrichi Bhaji
Sour greens	Ambat Chuba
Bottle Gourd	Doodhi Bhopala
Runner Beans	Chawli
Field Beans	Walpapdi
Bamboo shoots	Kirlu
Jackfruit	Phanas
Drumstick leaves	Shengachi bhaji

FRUITS

Orange	Santre
Mango	Amba
Apples	Safarchand
Guava	Peru
Grapes	Draksha
Fig	Anjeer
Banana	Kela
Papaya	Popai
Pineapple	Ananas
Watermelon	Kalingad
Custard Apples	Sitaphal
Apricots	Jardalu

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00,

1) A 5.0 litre all stainless steel **KITCHEN-KING** Pressure Cooker with 3 separators from **ASHA APPLIANCES, BOMBAY,** 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from **WEIKFIELD,** 3) A 230 mm Fry Pan from **TRUPTI INDUSTRIES,** and 4) A book, "Delightful Chinese Dishes" by **AROONA REEJHSINGHANI.**
Send in your recipes to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay.

A discount of 5 per cent offered to Eve's Weekly readers on purchase of KITCHEN KING all stainless steel Pressure Cooker. Contact — Akbarally's with this clipping or phone 541629, Asha Appliances, for your nearest dealer.

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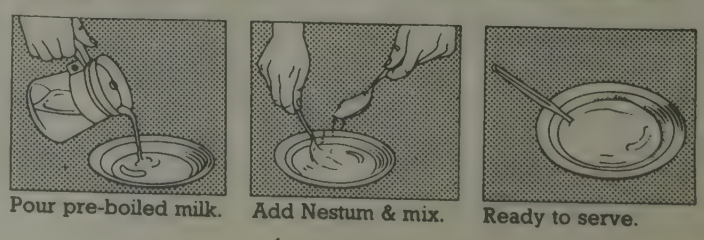

Pour pre-boiled milk. Add Nestum & mix. Ready to serve.

NESTLE

SAA/FSL/N/11·34

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Mrs. Kamlesh Minocha, Aurangabad.

KAJU KOFTA CURRY

- 4 medium size potatoes
- 4 carrots
- ½ cup green peas
- 100 grams cauliflower
- 100 grams cabbage
- 8 French beans
- 4 green chillis, chopped
- 1" piece ginger, chopped
- ½ bunch coriander leaves, chopped
- 15 cashewnuts
- 2 eggs
- Bread crumbs
- ¼ tsp. ajinomoto
- Salt to taste
- 2 tbsps. oil

Boil all the vegetables together except the potatoes. Peel and mash the potatoes. Chop finely all the vegetables. Fry ginger, chillis for a while. Add all the vegetables and potatoes. Add ajinomoto, salt (if required) and coriander. Fry till it leaves the oil. Cool the mixture and make lemon size balls. Put one cashewnut in each ball. Dip each ball in beaten eggs. Coat with crumbs and deep fry till golden brown. Keep aside.

FOR THE GRAVY:

- 2 onions,
- ½ cup tomato puree
- 1 tsp. coriander powder
- ½ tsp. turmeric powder
- ½ tsp. chilli powder
- 1 tsp. garam masala
- ½ bunch coriander leaves

GRIND TO A PASTE:

- 6 flakes garlic
- 1" piece ginger
- 10 groundnuts
- 2 tbsps. poppy seeds
- 1" piece dry coconut

Chop onions, Saute onions till brown. Add the ground paste. Fry till oil leaves the pan. Add all the powdered masala and tomato puree. Fry for a while, add enough water and salt. Let it boil for sometime. Add koftas and garam masala. Boil again. Serve with chopped coriander leaves.

Annie Manjaly, Bombay.

MEAT ROLLS

- 1 kg beef
- ½ kg pork
- 1 tsp. cummin seeds
- 1" piece turmeric
- ¾ tsp. peppercorns
- 3 sticks cinnamon
- 10/12 cloves
- 2" piece ginger
- 1 pod garlic
- 50 grams kashmiri red chillis
- 2 potatoes
- 2 onions
- 2 tomatoes

Grind the red chillis, cummin seeds, turmeric, peppercorns, cinnamon and ginger, in vinegar. Grind coarsely the cloves and garlic. Cut the beef into 5" x 3" slices. Pound them lightly. Apply salt and a little vinegar. Marinate for 3 to 4 hours.

Wash and cut the pork into 2" strips. Drain the water, salt them and apply 3/4 of the ground masala. Marinate for 3 to 4 hours.

Cut into 2" strips the potatoes, onions and tomatoes separately. Fill up each slice of beef with 2 strips of pork and a piece each of the potatoes, onions and tomatoes. Roll it up and tie with thread vertically and horizontally.

Place these rolls in a dekchi. Add a little tamarind water and 1/4th of the remaining ground masala along with the water. Put in the remaining pork strips, tomatoes, onions and potatoes. Cook on medium fire till well cooked. Add a little hot water, if necessary.

WEEKLY WINNER

KAILASH BHATIA, Calcutta.

Mrs. Bhatia wins Rs. 50.00 for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Weikfield, a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin and a book by Aroona Reejhsinghani.

PESHAWARI DUMBA DUM

- ½ kg mutton, diced into 3" pieces
- 250 grams curd
- 5 to 8 green chillis
- 1½" piece ginger
- 2 tbsps. ghee
- Salt to taste
- Pinch of red food colour

Grind green chillis and ginger. Beat curds and add the ground paste with salt and red food colour. Wash mutton pieces thoroughly. Heat ghee in a heavy bottom karahi. When hot, dip pieces of mutton one by one in the curd mixture and spread them in the karahi. Pour left over curd mixture over the meat. Add some water so that the meat is just covered. Cover, and cook on very low fire. Leave for about two hours. Turn the meat pieces upside down. Increase the flame turning the meat pieces continuously and cook till the gravy is almost dry. Serve in a flat dish.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme For the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipe — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

April, 1979
BAKED PUDDINGS

May, 1979
MUSHROOM DELICACIES

June, 1979
CURRY SPECIALITIES

All entries for April should reach us latest by March 10. May entries by April 10, and June entries by May 10.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. **Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.**
2. **The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.**
3. **The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.**

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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Continued from Page 13

The Mother Person

The point is that men who aspire to be successful parents often feel, as women do, that they face a kind of double jeopardy. Our feeling that fundamental change is needed and our current dissatisfaction with most social expectations and institutions certainly applies to the traditional role of father as well as of mother.

An Ivy League biologist gave us a characteristic description, from the father's point of view: 'We were fine until I became chairman of the department. I had formerly worked from about seven to four, but then came the bureaucratic demands of the new job which I handled in the two hours after students were out. I'd get home between six and seven. Then Angela came along, and Marnie said, "You've got to be home at five because I can't cook with that damn kid in the house." I couldn't finish my job by five. So I'd come home feeling harassed, knowing I'd left a bunch of papers on my desk. I'd walk in and just be handed the baby. I used to walk the dog about eighty-thirty at night and go back to school to finish the paperwork between eight-thirty and nine-thirty or ten, and I'd get back and Marnie would be alseep. And I'd say, "Why the hell aren't you up? I want some sex tonight," and she'd be out cold.'

Ray told us this story with much self-irony and self-denigratory laughter, admitting his former assumptions about male and female roles: 'When I got the job I wanted, I thought it was time for Marnie to fulfil her "womanly roles". I thought women had children and fathers were providers. Women did all the things pertaining to babies and fathers made the living. Not anymore.' Nevertheless, we think Ray's story describes clearly some of the situations which have so angered and bewildered men and women. First of all, he assumes his job comes first, always. The family has to conform to whatever time schedule his profession requires. 'And why not?' another father might ask. 'He's earning the money.' A tentative answer is that **economic realities aren't the only realities of our lives. It's debatable whether they should dominate all else once we're beyond the level of basic survival. With few exceptions, the families we interviewed could have survived decently on smaller incomes. What the man is often arguing for is the right to extend his professional capacities to their limit. He doesn't hear his wife urging that she be granted a similar right.**

In addition, Ray implies that he (at least in the golden past) viewed his home and his wife as existing to serve his comforts and needs. So long as Marnie was a wife and not a mother, she was apparently able to satisfy his expectations. But as so many other women have stated, a mother cannot devote full-time service to both man and child; or at least only the woman of rare energies and a dedication of self-effacement manages to do so. Finally, in Ray's version, Marnie wasn't willing to admit the cultural expectations that he confronted, requiring him as a man to perform on ever higher levels professionally and yet maintain a strong fatherly presence in the home. By realising the falseness of the assumptions they had formerly acted on, this couple shaped new lives together. But Ray believes he has done so only by sacrificing many creative opportunities of his job and fulfilling chiefly the more routine aspects.

Men proved no better than women in conjuring the actuality of a baby in the house prior to the event. 'There's no question that I expected to have a six-year-old child at birth,' reflected one father. Many men spoke of the companionship they had anticipated, in contrast to the sense of the child as a stranger which they discovered. Their misconceptions were often identical to those held by their wives. **'I can tell you,' said one father with assurance, 'that if you have never had a child, you don't have any idea what it means.**

Since we all bring a quantity of ignorance to parenthood, the real issue is how we perform when greeted by reality. Many men would confess, along with Stephen, that 'I never thought the burden of children would fall on me too,' but not all are willing to pick up that burden. Yet one man found that taking over much of the housework on weekends provided a welcome change from his sit-down headwork during the week. 'I'm compulsive about cleaning, and I genuinely enjoy it. It's really my time to myself. I do my uninterrupted thinking then and because I get so little exercise, I like the physical labour involved.' Other fathers took over duties formerly assigned to their wives — cooking breakfast, making beds, bathing children. Their wives were generally far less ambivalent about rearing children than the wives of men who clung to a business-as-usual attitude.

Brahm Dev

Job-holding mothers who declared themselves wed to 'no-help husbands' often brought an air of frenzy even to taping sessions, but their stay-at-home sisters didn't fare much better. They described eloquently some of the devious ways men managed to hide a helping hand. The first type of anti-assistance behaviour involved men who spontaneously, instinctively, unconsciously and unfailingly assigned all child care to the woman. One husband peered out from behind his newspaper one evening to yell frantically to his wife in the kitchen: 'Mary, Eddie's crapping on the floor.' He was still seated when Mary arrived bearing paper towels. Another marched into the kitchen to announce, 'Julie used her potty, and the bathroom smells terrible.' When his wife replied, 'Empty it,' he looked at her with an air of surprised discovery.

Other men more or less consciously refuse to see what needs doing. Whether this is a failure of imagination or a plot against the mother can't be determined, but several women combated this behaviour by making suggestions. Such suggestions are best spoken with the question mark muted or dad may think he's being given the choice of refusing. Other women suggested avoiding the question form altogether, favouring the positive approach: 'Evan would love for you to read him his bedtime story tonight.' Since both of these approaches rely on deviousness and implied flattery, other women opted for the direct 'I need help' method, although they too were willing to describe or suggest the kind of assistance they desired.

Some men responded well to specific programmes, and their wives learned to become directors. Such an approach also worked for women whose husbands unfairly pleaded their inexperience and incompetence at such things as pinning diapers ('My hands are too big') or holding bottles ('She keeps spitting it out'). Sometimes, however, even specific programmes and helpful instructions fail to overcome male avoidance tactics. We know of one husband whose inventiveness never failed him. He didn't notice that diapers needed changing; he concentrated so deeply when he read that he never heard his daughter wailing; he seriously asserted that he couldn't put groceries away because uncooked food, especially meat, spoiled his appetite; he couldn't

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The Mother Person

clear the table because half-eaten food nauseated him. His wife coped, tight-lipped, until the second child arrived, and then she left. Another woman suggested to her professor husband that since he had the summer free, he might take over the child care and allow her to complete her dissertation. His response was, 'I'm psychologically incapable of staying with these children full-time,' and that was that.

This father-professor was at least aware of what is involved in house-and-child care. Much more difficult is the man who understands not at all and who thus reacts with incomprehension when the woman asks for assistance. 'I can't understand why you're so tired at night,' said one father, but he could have spoken for many. 'After all, I've been at work for eight hours, and I'm not that tired.' Another husband said, 'All you women do all day is sit in the park yakking.' Sometimes the incomprehension of what a mother's day is like shades over into virlent hostility, or perhaps misogny. **Many wives have to cope with the fiction that mothers don't work.**

The best solution is to ask the father to take over all the home duties on Saturday — housework, shopping, cooking, tending the children. Don't simply ask him to perform in one of these areas, for he's liable to feel heroic and wonder what the fuss is about. **One man who played mother-for-a-day greeted his wife at five-thirty; "You're not going to believe this, but I've worked like a perpetual motion machine. I'm exhausted and I have nothing to show for it.' Which came as no surprise to his wife.**

Another husband, temporarily out of work, stayed home while his wife supported them by working in a bank. 'I never realised what it was like,' he said. 'I'm going out of my mind.' And a third father who maintained the family's small apartment and cared for their child while his wife taught summer school announced: 'I used to wonder what you did with all your time since you had "nothing to do except take care of Sally." Now I know. What's more, I want to read, and I can't. I want to study and to listen to music. But I can't even get coordinated to go to the grocery store.' Even Norman Mailer confessed in **The Prisoner of Sex** that although he had demonstrated his superb ability to manage home and children, he was in no doubt that should he continue in this role, the best part of him would die. Such candor and insight are gratifying, but the next, and real, problem is to do something to rescue women (and men) from such unpleasant routines.

There are reasons other than physical survival, however, for stay-at-home mothers to educate men about the nature of their days. Obviously mutual understanding and willingness to share irksome chores help in the transition from couple to family. Thus the woman is less likely to resent her new duties or greet her husband in the evening with railings about her hideous day. Such scenes occur most frequently when the mother believes nobody understands or honours her distress. She herself begins to think she is a noncoper, perhaps on her way to becoming a shrew. Whatever positive feeling she may harbour about her performance in the home get little or no reinforcement, **for men haven't been conditioned to flatter and praise housewives for doing their jobs, as women have learned to do for men. Instead they're liable to bring into a ragged house an air of 'Everybody else seems to cope, why can't you?'**

And if the woman has some hired help, there's even greater incomprehension about why it doesn't go the long way it's supposed to. One mother of a two year old hired someone to clean the house once a week, plus a sitter for three afternoons while she taught part-time in a university. With two employees in the home, her husband was astonished when she asked for his assistance with routine duties. 'Honey,' he replied sadly, 'what you do, you do very well, but you just can't seem to do many things.'

So long as domestic work and child care are ranked as unskilled labour of the lowest order, those who engage in this form of work will stand on the bottom of the status ladder. What they accomplish will go largely unnoticed and unadmired. As a result, even a marriage of relative equals may shift toward 'some are more equal than others' when the woman becomes a stay-at-home mother. **Without at least a husband — much less a culture — who values her labour knowledgeably and highly, the mother may sink in her own self-estimation to the point of becoming a 'dependent' in more ways than on the income tax form.**

One father summed up the subject this way: **I really think that men's ignorance of this whole process of having and rearing children is extreme, and they won't be very helpful until they begin to examine the way the marriage works and the way children then are handled. And it's not just a matter of who washes the dishes.**

Right. It's also a matter of values, of the unspoken assignment of freedom and restraint within a family unit, of the relegation of respect and authority, and finally, of self-esteem and individual autonomy. And all of these matters affect mother, father and child.

When a couple does make the successful transition to family, the benefits and pleasures of being parents put the stresses in proper perspective. To live with children is to marvel at the energy of the human body and imagination, to give and receive love that at moments is free of complication, to have created a home which can be a special sanctuary. 'The very best part is coming home to the children . . . And when they wake up in the morning, children are so eager and fresh and lively. I love being around them at those times.' As one father expressed, it, there's also the pleasure of 'that warm little mind coming out with all these things that you don't expect, that you watch develop, I like having some other person there to take one out of oneself. Without the kids, by now I'd be a crotchety old bastard.'

All parents share the feeling that 'The joys of having children can't really be explained. It's just a moment of joy, of watching her do something and getting a big kick out of it that's extraordinary and irreplaceable. And we join in this pleasure, though it may be over in an instant — you've smiled and your child has accomplished or triumphed. Of course, when things fall apart, you join in that too — all three of us. And the failures aren't always spontaneous moments; they last a long time. The successes are pure fleeting moments of joy, yet you cherish them a long time. In that sense they endure.'

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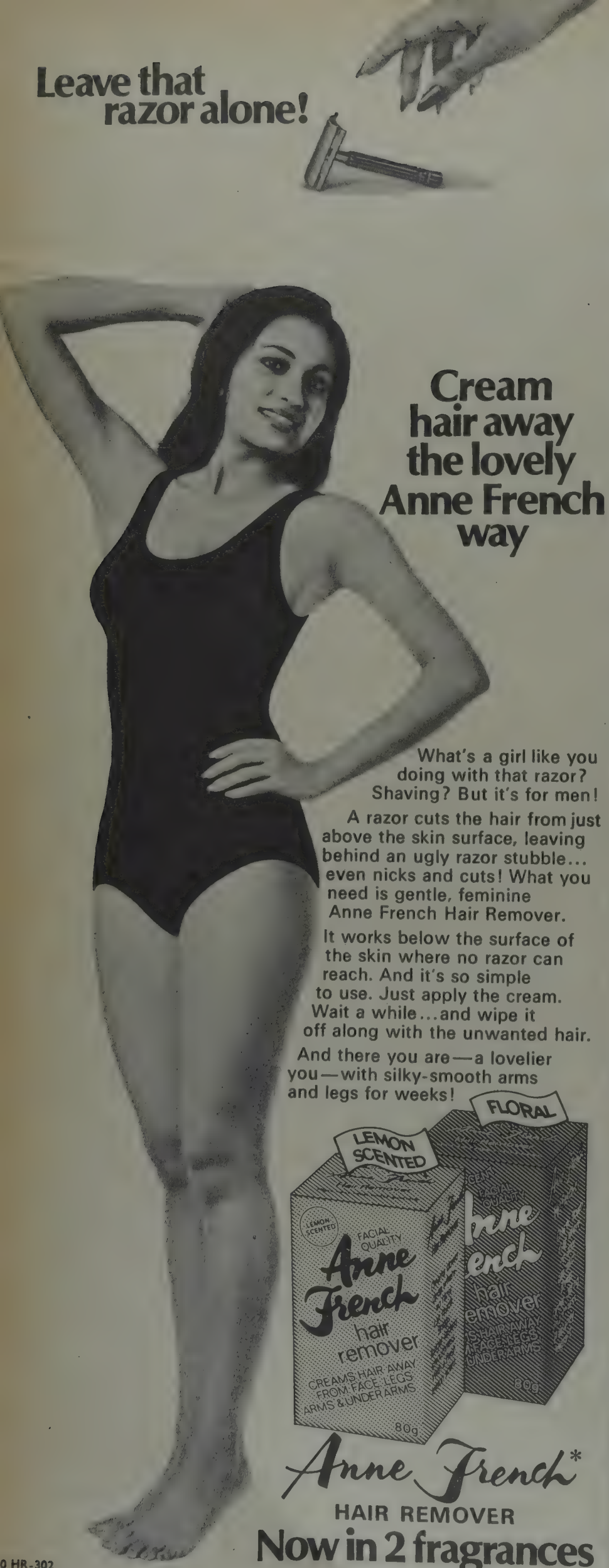

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THE RAID ON THE CITY

Continued from page 29

Justice shall be meted out." Rows of heads nodded again. The meeting was adjourned and a whole row of white dhoti-kurtas walked through the arcaded corridors in whose roof the pigeons cooed.

The councillors headed homewards discussing the whole issue. Personally they had not seen the havoc created by the three strange men, yet they feared them like the accursed pox epidemic. "The eldest councillor is right," they said. "These men mean danger, we must be rid of them."

The empty town square outside the town hall was full of silence that betrayed secrets. Night had fallen. The officers of peace were about everywhere.

"Old man in the street, have you seen any strange man with whiplash marks on his back?"

"Nocturnal woman, have you seen any unknown man? Reveal him to us. We will show you mercy."

"Little child, has any strange face frightened you?"

Someone directed them to the riverbank where the placid waters were dyed red. They had seen the three men squatting there, taking their meal in silence. Someone else had seen them too, helping an aged woman across the street, and someone else had seen them digging an old man's grave. But these men had destroyed the peace of the city. They profaned the dead shadows of their elders, they had stuck strange atrocious verses on the city walls. They were evil.

So they rounded them up when they sat in meditation on the river bank. The lathi-armed officer of law manhandled them, slapped their sunken cheeks and refused all explanations. But the mystic light in their eyes haunted him.

They were led to the town hall where the judgement was to be delivered. The citizens had assembled there. The aged woman was there. The dead man's son was there, too. The councillor was there on the platform in full uniform. "Citizens," said he, raising his clear voice to reach the back rows. "The man who threatens the peace of our city is regarded as infidel. We must mete out justice to those who threaten the law of the land, disturb the peace of the city. The charge against the three infidels on my right is that they have murdered and buried an old man. They have driven the Parsee woman insane. We have the right to deal, as protectors of the law, with traitors who try to destroy the democratic spirit of our nation." The speech was applauded. Even the old woman, who had joined the crowd, clapped with withered palms. Their generosity had aroused her fear. People did not do anything for nothing. And their quaint appearance had aroused her fear.

"In the interest of the city I demand that these three men shall have their tongues cut before they are hanged by the neck till they die." The crowd had come alive at once. There were protests, there was applause. But no one dared oppose the sentence. The three could not speak. Their death was 'in the interest of the public'. The councillor did not let the culprits speak. They were led down from the stage.

The councillor descended from the platform. Someone in the crowd commented, "The man was a human after all."

Later that evening the workmen began to dismantle the platform. Slowly they dismantled each plank to build a new pile. In the crimson dusk a child while coming home screamed with pain as the nail that the workman had left pierced his naked feet and drew blood.

The next day the three men were led into their chamber and three hours later the public saw their mouths open revealing crimson stubs where their tongues were.

The fever that rocked the city had subsided. But only the chief councillor suffered from hallucinations. He saw torn, bleeding cheeks, torn throats, tongueless men, who opened their mouths to scream, and saw their eyes burning at him. He woke his wife at dead of night sometimes and asked for coffee, tranquillizers. The city slowly returned to normal. The Parsee woman began to read the Avesta again. But its matter for once flew over her head. And the citizens avoided the hanging square, for in its gloom they read questions that they dared not answer...

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Watch out for our first colour feature to be published in Eve's Weekly, dated April 21.

THE STORY SO FAR . . .

Young Lauren Fletcher flies to West Asia to take up appointment as secretary to the Director of Akhmar Oil Company. Her co-passenger, Molly Kennedy, is enroute to join her husband Alan, a veteran employee in the same firm. At the destination Lauren is met by Peter Corbett, a company representative, but is upset by a confrontation with a surly stranger whom she takes for some roughneck. In her living quarters, she meets Kath Stevens, her room-mate. On the official side she gets a shock when Edgar Stewart, the Director, introduces her to his drilling superintendent, Blake Elliot. He is the "roughneck" she had encountered earlier. To complicate matters there is some mysterious antogonism between Peter and Blake.

NOW READ ON . . .

Lauren awoke heavy-eyed when Kath called her at six o'clock the following morning. It seemed odd rising so early to start the week's work on a Saturday.

In office, the first thing she noticed was a hand-written message. "Miss Fletcher, I'll be with the general manager until after lupch. Settle in, then go through the yellow folder on my desk. It lists the names and functions of the principals in my department. The names underlined in **red** — learn them until you know them backwards. These men may want to reach me in an emergency and I want no delay in trying to place their names. The chief clerk should be able to answer most of your queries.

Edgar Stewart"

Her heart plummeted as she saw the first entry in the folder was Blake Elliot — Drilling Superintendent. His name stood out, underlined with a double red line. Uncomfortably, Lauren remembered she had called this man of authority a brute and a roughneck.

Later, busily transcribing notes, she didn't hear Blake enter the room. Suddenly aware of his scrutiny, she glanced up. He nodded at the red light which came on outside the Director's door whenever he happened to be busy with someone.

"Who's with the Chief?"

"I don't know," Lauren admitted unwillingly. The look Blake gave her, suggested that she was inefficient. Provoked, Lauern replied crossly, "Office equipment doesn't run to a crystal ball I'm afraid."

Blake stared at her. "I'll wait," he said coolly. He moved towards the window. Against her will, Lauren found herself studying him. Her gaze lingered upon the strong uncompromising profile. Then she said what had to be said, before she changed her mind.

"Mr. Elliot, it would seem that I owe you an apology."

"What for?"

PART TWO

sand through my fingers

Lee Naughton

SAND THROUGH MY FINGERS was originally published by Mills and Boon Limited, London, Lee Naughton 1978 (Australian Copyright).

"Saving me from being run over by a trolley, for one. Calling you a roughneck, for another. I didn't know you were the drilling superintendent."

A half smile lifted the corners of his mouth. "Forget it," he said.

"Thanks. That's very noble of you."

Back at the bungalow, Lauren flopped into the easy chair opposite Kath. Her back seemed to melt into its curve and a feeling of sleepiness pervaded her as her tired muscles began to relax. She stirred uneasily.

"What do you think of Blake Elliot?" she asked Kath.

"Only one word for Blake. Super!" was the honest reply.

Whatever Lauren had expected Kath to say, it wasn't that. Before she could comment, Kath added wistfully : "At times I get the feeling that Blake's a lonely person, but I've laughed myself out of that idea. With his looks he needn't be. Especially with Adele Harding giving him her special 'come hither' treatment. That makes him the envy of the male population." Kath grimaced. "Adele's the nursing sister here and attracts men to her the way flies go to honey. I can understand why Blake admires her efficiency, but to my mind Adele's an arrogant creature."

"A fine pair, from the sound of it. Arrogance suits them both," Lauren muttered churlishly. She remembered the glamorous dark-haired woman who had been Blake's companion at the airport.

"Hold your horses," protested Kath. "Don't mistake authority for arrogance. Blake's a man to admire. I'm not carrying a torch for Blake. I happen to believe that beneath that tough exterior, he cares about people."

* * *

Thursday found the two girls excitedly preparing for the formal dance which was held at the Dolphin Club once a month. Lauren's hair, freed from the severe style she affected for the office, had been brushed until it shone. Carefully applied make-up highlighted the animation in her eyes. With care, she stepped into the chiffon gown of Kingfisher blue.

"Gosh, Lauren," Kath said admiringly, "you look great. For once, Adele will realize she's up against stiff competition."

"Thanks," Lauren laughed lightly. "Your admiration is a sorely needed boost to my ego."

"Good evening, princess," Peter greeted Lauren. There was no mistaking the approval in his voice. With a connoisseur's eye he noted every line of Lauren's gown. Peter introduced Kath's escort to Lauren. He was Bob Mason, a young man who had recently joined the oil company. Peter himself was escorting Lauren to the party.

Later, sipping iced vermouth, Lauren looked round the crowded dance floor — the women in elegant gowns, the men resplendent in Gulf kit.

Peter touched her arm. "Like to dance princess?"

"I'd love to," Lauren said shyly. Peter proved an accomplished dancer. He guided her with expert ease and whispered endearments that flattered.

As the music finished, Blake appeared on the steps of the club veranda which overlooked the dance floor. Completely at ease, looking distinguished in his evening clothes, he gazed round the scene. Peter asked Kath to dance. Lauren was glad to sit quietly, relieved that Bob Mason seemed content to listen to the music. The unaccustomed excitement, the exuberance of the band, the unusual drinks Peter had ordered for her, were making her feel muzzy. She lifted her head and the sight of Blake approaching their table made her tremble with physical excitement.

"Good evening, Miss Fletcher," Blake greeted her.

"Good evening, Mr. Elliot," she replied formally.

Blake sat opposite her, lit a cigarette and studied her. Suddenly shy, Lauren turned her attention towards the dance floor with its wealth of colour and movement. "It's difficult to believe we're on the edge of the desert. It's all so. . ." she broke off, searching for the right word, ". . . unreal. I feel as if I'm acting a part in some film and that tomorrow I'll wake up in my London flat."

"Don't let the dream finish before I've asked you to dance. That would never do." Blake's voice was light-hearted enough, but the alert, intelligent features held a suggestion of intensity that disturbed her. He placed his right hand over hers. A strong hand that could be gentle.

Blake danced well. Surprise must have shown on Lauren's face, for when she looked up at him, he said, "You look as if you

DESPITE HER RESENTMENT LAUREN FOUND HERSELF BEING ATTRACTED TO BLAKE. SHE EVEN FELT JEALOUS WHEN SHE SAW HIM WITH BEAUTIFUL ADELE HARDING

expected me to dance with two left feet."

Confusion covered Lauren, then she rallied. "In the short time I've known you, Mr. Elliot, I've reached the conclusion that whatever you do, you do well." Blake laughed and bent his face so it was almost touching her cheek. Lauren caught a whiff of expensive after-shave lotion. As powerful as any physical contact, it made her heart hammer so loudly, she was sure Blake must hear it. There was an expression in his eyes she could not fathom, yet she was conscious of some strong bond between them — some link of fate that was slowly being forged in the fire of their future. The music stopped. Lauren shook her head free of her fanciful thoughts and returned to her table, walking on air.

Just before midnight, Lauren was sipping an iced fruit cordial, enjoying the cool drink after the exertions of dancing a medley of Latin dances with Peter, when she glanced casually in the direction of the veranda steps. Quickly, she turned her head away, but the compulsion to stare was too strong. With butterflies racing round her tummy, Lauren watched Blake stretch out his hand to help his companion down the steps. Instinct told her the woman could be none other than Adele Harding.

Willowy as a reed, Kath had described the nursing sister, and Kath was right, but nothing had prepared Lauren for Adele's true beauty. She was an elegant creature, wearing a crimson gown that enhanced the sleek raven hair which fell like a cloak across creamy shoulders. The colour of the gown was symbolic, drawing men to her like a flame.

With surprise, Lauren watched them walk towards their table. So conscious was she of this woman that she was only vaguely aware that Adele was smiling at Peter. With a movement that suggested a caress, she touched his arm and said huskily, "Sister Howard is standing in for me, after all, Peter dear, so I'll see you tomorrow — as arranged."

"That's dandy," Peter replied. He spoke to Adele, but Lauren saw that his expression became belligerent as he felt Blake's steely gaze. The air was filled with invisible conflict. In that moment, Lauren felt enmity towards Adele and silently wished that neither Blake nor Peter would be ensnared by Adele's false charm.

Wistfully, Lauren watched the couple walk away, Adele clinging possessively to Blake's arm. Sadness mingled with regret. Then as she remembered Blake's scorn towards Peter, regret turned to anger, and she wished Blake Elliot a million miles away.

* * *

Overnight, it rained. When Lauren stepped out on the veranda of her bungalow next morning, the air was a delight to breathe, washed clean of dust.

Later that evening, Lauren walked the short distance to the Kennedy bungalow, were she had been invited to dine.

"Glad you could come, Lauren." Molly's face was bright with a welcoming smile. "Make yourself comfy. How's the job?"

"Wonderful," Lauren said happily. "Mr. Stewart is a charming man. In time, I might be able to say the same thing about Blake Elliot." Quickly she clapped a hand over her mouth. She hadn't meant to say that at all.

Molly eyed her speculatively. "What's bothering you, Lauren? Care to tell me?"

"There's nothing to tell." Lauren tried to sound impersonal but it was easy to see Molly wasn't convinced. Molly's sympathetic gaze made the girl feel the urge to unburden herself. Maybe she could sort out her mixed up thoughts about the enigmatic drilling superintendent.

"I find Blake Elliot such a complex man," Lauren started to say.

"In what way?"

"Difficult to describe. One minute he's so arrogant, I'd like to throw something at him. The next, he's positively charming." Molly said sincerely. "We're fond of Blake. Alan admires him tremendously. He say Blake brings out the best in men — even though they do call him a slave driver!"

"How long have you known Blake?" Lauren asked.

"About nine years. Alan had been taken into hospital with appendicitis and Blake was brought into the same ward." Her expression altered as she remembered the occasion. "There'd been a rig fire. Believe me Lauren, they can be highly dangerous." She sighed audibly. "That one certainly was! Blake was a hero. Dr. Frost said it was a miracle that Blake wasn't burnt to death. Eventually, he and Blake became good friends. They meet from time to time in Beirut, I believe."

"Was Blake in hospital long?" asked Lauren.

"A fair number of weeks in Beirut, then he went to England for further treatment. The only visible sign that the accident ever happened is the scar above his eyebrow." Molly shook her head reflectively. "In a way, Lauren, I suppose that's why you keep seeing two sides of Blake. The job side demands that he be as hard as nails, physically and mentally, a human robot who can't allow weakness or personalities to affect his judgment, yet he has to remain a human being." She studied Lauren's face. "Few people ever see Blake completely relaxed."

"That expains a lot, Molly. Thanks for telling me." Then Lauren thought of something else. "What I do find difficult to understand is Blake's animosity towards Peter Corbett." There was silence and for the second time that evening, Lauren realized she had spoken imprudently.

The sound of a car approaching the bungalow dispelled the awkward moment. Vaguely she was aware of Molly and Alan talking, then she heard Molly address Blake, "Lovely to see you, Blake. I'm so glad you could make it."

After dinner Blake dropped Lauren home. But though the drive through the desert town left her breathless with expectation at his nearness, he made not the slightest overture in her direction.

To be continued

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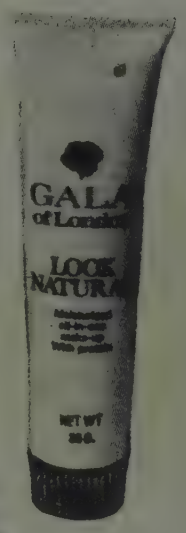

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Jeetendra:

"I Always Come Back To My Wife"

Maya Rai Choudhuri

I entered Jeetu's apartment at 7.30 in the evening. Jeetu, after a hard day's work, had retired to his room for a quick nap. Shobha kindly agreed to wake him up.

Looking fresh, Jeetu came out in a cream-coloured silk lungi and kurta, his face scrubbed clean of make-up.

The randy star of the sixties, the male-sex symbol Jeetendra, whose gyrating figure on the screen sent many female hearts fluttering and who became a model for every road-side romeo is now a happily married sedate householder.

A proud parent, Jeetu brought out an old family album which had a blow-up of the three-year-old Jeetu. "You look at this picture and then you see my son. He's my exact replica."

He jumped up and called for his children. Excitedly the two came prancing up and rushed straight to their papa. Little Tushar, I told Jeetu, looked cuter than him. Jeetu ignored the remark.

That is the feeling Jeetendra of today gives. A feeling of a man happy with his lot in life. Marriage seems to have transformed him considerably. No longer does he display the restless, over-anxious "I'm a lost one" look of his bachelor days — which made him hop from Rajshree to Mumtaz to Rekha to Hema, with a few starlets thrown in here and there.

If the man Jeetendra is a fulfilled person today, the star Jeetendra is still groping. After seventeen years in the profession with an acting graph showing mostly an upward trend, Jeetendra has still to prove his real forte. True, he has played many varied roles, changed his image in defiance of the prevalent trends, more often than any other star — the jumping-jack-Jeetu of **Farz** was a far cry from the patient, loving teacher of **Parichay** or the forgetful lover of **Khushboo,** and now the much misunderstood husband of successful films like **Bidai, Apnapan, Badaltey Rishtey** and **Swarag Narak.** And yet Jeetu has failed to carve a niche for himself. Sanjeev, with fewer opportunities, was able to display his talent, but Jeetu has not exploited his potential totally. Looks like he is quite content with the label of a 'lucky star'.

When I mentioned this, Jeetu looked hurt. "This is a label given to me by the press. I could be lucky when two or three films click, but when five of my starrers runnning simultaneously in the city do good business, it couldn't only be luck. My work must have been liked — at least the distributors back me strongly."

"Like Sanjeev, Rishi and of course Amitabh, have you been able to carry a film on your shoulders? Could the success of any film be solely ascribed to you?" I challenged.

"What about **Bidai, Apnapan** and now **Aatish?** Who would you give the credit to if not the hero?" he countered.

"The heroines got good notices too," I persisted. "No. The hero is always more important in our films," he spoke like a true male chauvinist.

And that he still is — the male chauvinist who believes that occasional sexual lapses by the husband should be overlooked by the wife. "After all, I come back to my wife," he said very generously.

"Does your wife get jealous when she sees you acting fresh with women." "Yes, she does. But I'm only making eyes at the girls, I'm not sleeping with them!" he said, expecting me to believe him.

"Would you rather she didn't get jealous?" I queried.

"No, I like it when she fights with me if she suspects an affair. That shows she still loves me. Love is possessiveness."

Jeetendra's steady success could well be due to his good business sense. He takes calculated risks when he accepts a film. His decisions are mainly guided by the forecasts and the current successful trends published in the trade magazines.

"Jeetu is a very patient father," admitted Shobha, "more patient than me."

"Is that what you do when you come home? Play with your kids?"

"That's the way I give release to my tensions. After I pack, I want to be with my children first, socialising comes later. When I come home early and they are up, they are with me. Then I relax with a drink and my children and my wife sit beside me — the kids taking occasional sips from my glass."

"You are known to be a health fanatic, diet-conscious and also figure conscious."

"Believe me, I haven't eaten chapatis for nearly two years! My meal, which I take with me to the sets, is boiled vegetables, non-spicy chicken or mutton, curds, and fruits. And for breakfast a plain glass of milk — like a true Punjabi."

"When did you become so diet-conscious? Before or after marriage?"

"After marriage," he grinned.

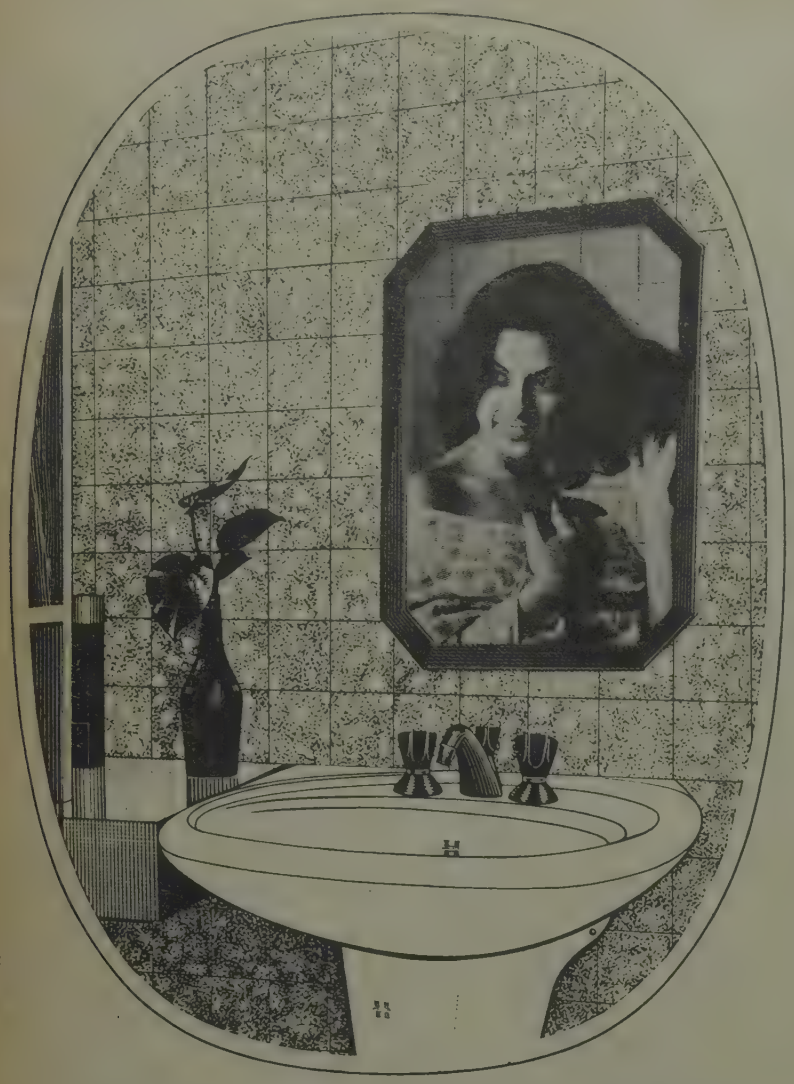
Just then Shobha came out of the bedroom ready to go with her husband for a party.

"Jeetu says he's very faithful to you," I told Shobha.

"Did he say that?" she raised an eyebrow. And then with a merry twinkle she said, "Don't believe him".

I didn't.

Photograph : Rakesh Shrestha



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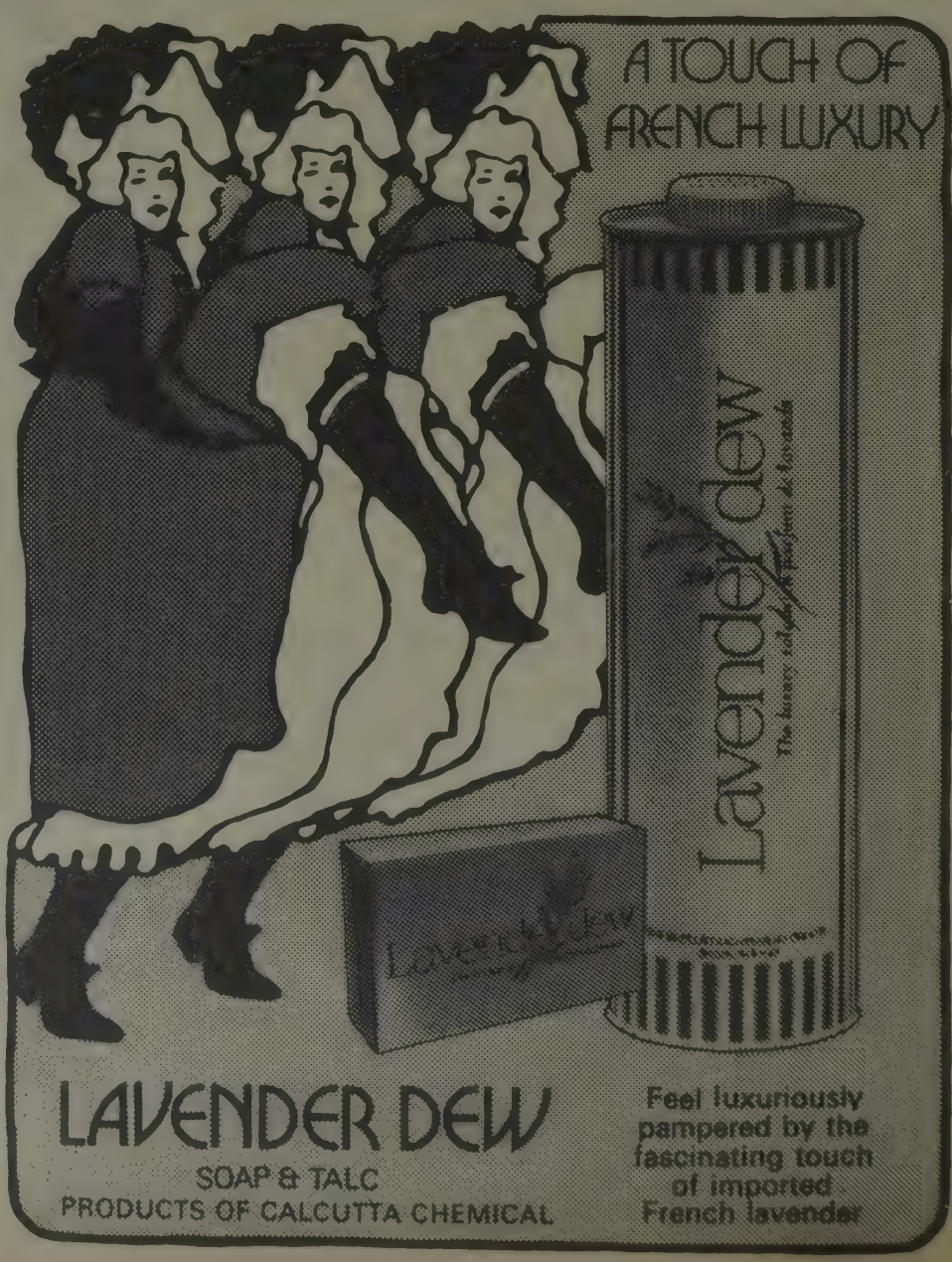
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SPINSTER— free to be free

Amelia da Costa

SALIVATING MALE :

Just my luck. . . an attractive woman like you must be married.

VIVACIOUS FEMALE :

(bored by this worn-thread-bare gambit) I'm fortune's favourite — I got away.

SM : So young and already divorced?

VF : (marvelling at the brand of logic) No.

(Pregnant pause while enlightenment dawns)

SM : Aha! separated!

VF : No.

Perplexity tempered with reluctance to elicit whether vivacious female belongs to the tribe of widows or lesbians. To ease the Hitchcockian suspense, VF volunteers "I'm a spinster." The inquisitor, who has been exhaling down spinster's nape with salacious zeal, recoils in the best Listerine-advertisement tradition. "You're not a spinster!?" Indignation written up to his hairline. "A spinster is. . . (splutter splutter)"

WHAT IS A SPINSTER?

A decade ago it would have been mortifying to be labelled 'spinster'. Novels portrayed the spinster as a loony grotesque who did unspeakable things in barns and the pathetic lady of low metabolism who fearfully peeked under beds and fretted about getting pregnant from water fountains. In the common imagination spinsters were either nuns (women disappointed in love), or bluestockings cobwebbed in academic groves, virgins at menopause deriving vicarious orgasms while analysing Nabakov and D. H. Lawrence, or career women sublimating in compensation for their failure to find the deepest happiness afforded mankind in this vale of tears.

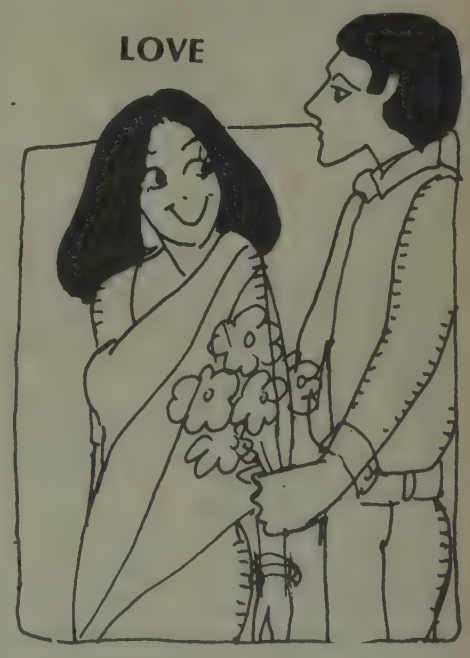
For yesteryear's woman, the coming of age meant annointed motherhood, indentured servitude, embalmed academic credentials, a thwarted career, and a paucity of choices.

Today 'spinster' is simply the legal description of the unmarried adult female Far from being a cold storage prune, she is lively, lovely, lusty; the genuinely emancipated female. A person first, a woman incidentally. She enjoys complete autonomy over her life and works for its challenges and rewards. She does not deny marriage. "My bourgeois inclinations still bother me. Long years of conditioning have taken care of that. But I have come to terms with them and it gets easier all the time. Marriage for me is no more conditioned by time but emotions. Children need no more be my own but adopted. Staying single is a freely exercised option subject to reversal, no doubt by accident, design, default, trial, error, or just a touch of sublime whimsy," says Dina Vakil, assistant editor of **Femina.**

A glance at the compartments 'Career', 'Love', 'Family', 'Friends', 'Privacy', 'Retirement' reveals that a spinster pursues personal interests without speculating, as women ensconced in conjugal harmony are wont to do, whether these persons, places or things synchronise with the husband's pursuit of happiness. Her life is "rife with possibilities and fraught only with the dangers of making her own decisions".

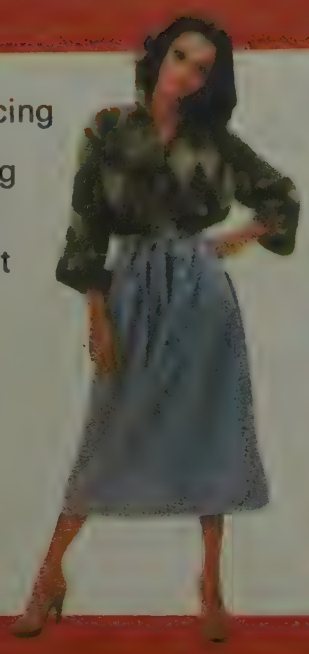
The slogans of those mediagenic crusaders, Germaine Greer, Gloria Steinem notwithstanding, top managements prefer conferring executive responsibility on the unencumbered woman rather than on the mother nursing her progeny through the measle-chicken pox cycle. The demands of a career are in direct ratio to ambition. The spinster determined to sit on the Board of Directors has a clear field. This does not imply copulating her way to lofty echelons (most top management are preoccupied with warding off cardiac arrests, anyway), but since she has no domestic demands, her time is her own, to be utilised for her in terms of advancement. This is neither to criticise matching and hatching as a way of life nor to suggest that marriage and a successful career are mutually exclusive. This is merely to confront the reality that women Prime Ministers are tokenisms; that women have to achieve ten times as much as men before their competency can be acknowledged; that the myth of 'woman's place' encourages men to view a woman's career as some adorable hobby until a husband is snared.

For women committed to their careers there is also the gnawing apprehension of a spouse's job transfer. "I surrendered my work to my husband's interests. I salvaged my marriage and watched my career shot to pieces," agonises Amritra Inderjit Singh, an IAS officer. "I've seen it all around. The most talented women have succumbed irrevocably, ready to accept age-old patterns often with real pangs of regret. If they re-enter the job market at all, it is usually years later. Their seniority affected, their ambition broken, their domestic demands continuing to outweigh professional needs," observes Ms Vakil.



Hack-witted comedy writers present the spinster as a man-famished shrew twitching hysterically at the sight of anything in trousers. "Promiscuous," spits a detractor, (a married woman whose sexual high-point of the day is while fondling chicken breasts). The truth, as always, lies

Surprise your man every day of the week

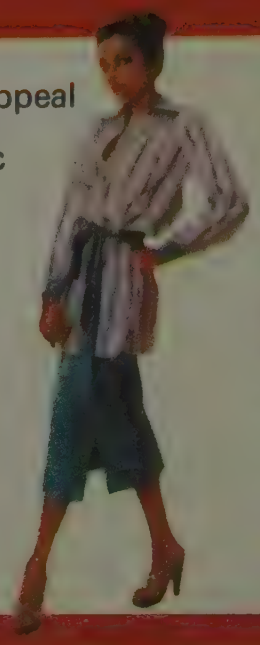


Be enticing in this tempting Piramal blouse and skirt

MONDAY

Show off in this striking Piramal salwar kameez

TUESDAY



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Look gorgeous in a colourful Piramal saree

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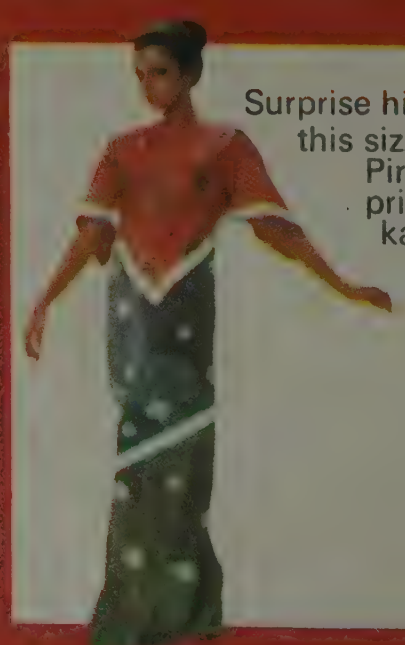

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SUNDAY

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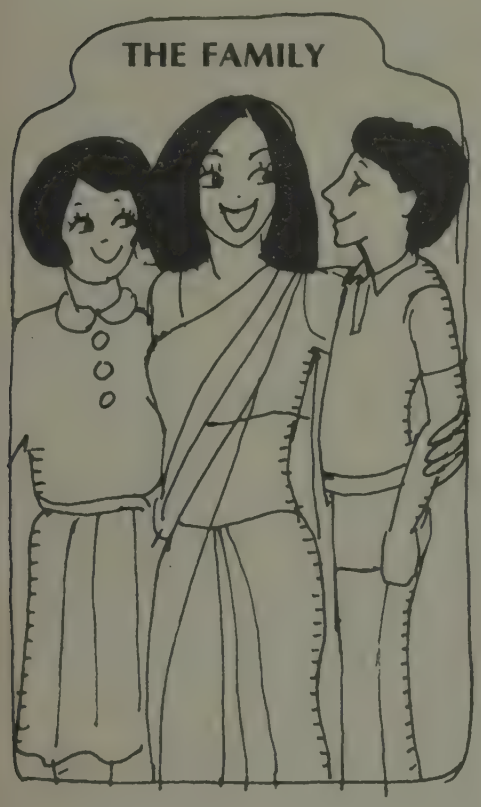
somewhere down the middle. No matter how much the spinster revels in her independence, she cannot quell two millenia of conditioning. Ava Chinoy, an interior decorator, voices a common sentiment: "I'm not integrated unless I'm involved with a man". But love can exist outside marriage and take on many forms. The spinster makes her own bed and lies in it with whomever, whatever and wherever she pleases.

Freed of the compulsive mating dance, the spinster's love life is more relaxed. An affair is not a commercial deal or an overture to Lohengrin's Wedding March. It is a way of loving and sharing.



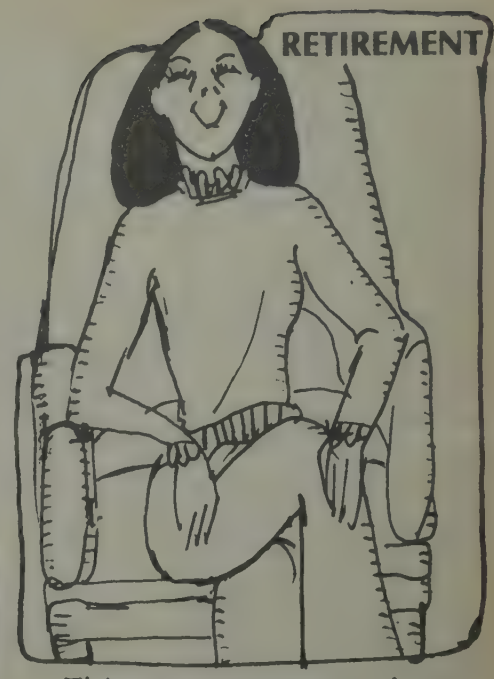
Familiar litany! Our friends keep asking us when you're going to settle down and raise a family. What's going to happen to you when you get older?

It is assumed that women need to feel financially secure, reassured of love and buttressed by the comforts of hearth and home. Women who refuse to marry are seen facing a desolate old age, courting poverty and degradation. But the spinster does not need a man to fulfil her financial obligations; she pays her own bills. Security at any rate is a chimera. Husbands die, children grow up and move away, pensions prove inadequate. Besides, a husband, like any possession, can get lost or stolen, and the abandoned wife is far more desolate than a spinster could ever be. The despairing wife of an advertising agency manager confides, "I often wonder, can I anaesthetize myself sufficiently with the help of calmpose and alcohol to endure his constant infidelities; his threats to walk out on me?"

The single woman communicates and co-operates beautifully with her woman friends. "They are sensitive to their newly discovered sense of self; interested in their survival as the strong woman," feels Ms. Vakil. But be prepared for the occasional barb from even your bossom girl friend if she's married. Since the married woman is ghettoed with husband and children, the unpredictability of the spinster's life is like a carrot out of reach. Ironically, the spinster sometimes senses competitive acid in some married men. At a business luncheon, the host asked a company executive how she was progressing. Elated, she announced a promotion which gave her a grandiose title and stock options. Unable to restrain himself, he bitched; "Instead of chasing success, why don't you run after a man? Cold cash doesn't warm a bed you know". To the lady's credit she smiled and said, "I can't ever remember being cold".

"What are you doing this weekend?" "Nothing," answers spinster. She may indulge a passion for Victoriana by spending the entire weekend at Chor Bazaar. She can curl up on the floor and pour over the economics of imperialism or soliloquize in her grand Hamlet manner into the wee hours of Sunday. She may even take a flying jaunt to a Tibetan rehabilitation camp in Himachal Pradesh. The best part about living alone is the right to simmer in her own juice. Privacy is a spinster treasure of inestimable value to be used to nourish and sustain her for the other demands of life.

To be sure, living alone can evoke the strangest notions in certain men. A spinster could find herself the recipient of phone calls which are not distinguished by their wit. Married men sometimes labour under the delusion they are good samaritans for needy spinsters. Their benevolence is self-evident!



This compartment is especially rewarding for the spinster determined to have the best of both worlds. The marriage contract doublecrosses a woman in more ways than one. It saddles her with a job from which there is no retirement, and the home which tradition designated as woman's place ceases to be her private sanctuary. Once a husband retires, it signals the invasion of her kingdom. While this might appear like the start of a New Deal (he might help with defrosting the refrigerator), the truth soon hits. A person accustomed to full restaurant-and-maid service will not accept its termination. This means programming her housework around his routine of card sessions. Her declining years have rewarded her with an adult baby.

"But isn't singleness a selfish way to live?" asks a married woman. (This very accusation could be made against the praying mantis who devours its mate in the name of loving concern.) If loving selfishly means the purposive employment of energy in a self-chosen enterprise, the emancipation from helplessness, the refusal of deformity, the freedom from guilt and shame and tireless self-denial, the courage to stop pretending, dissenting, cajoling, and manipulating, then I believe in it.

"Liberty is terrifying but it is also exhilarating." Little wonder then how many women would rather be dead than wed.

TRUE CONFESSION

I TURNED MY BRIDE OUT ON THE WEDDING NIGHT

Sulakshana was not exactly beautiful. But there was something so vibrant about her face that I could not take my eyes off her. I saw her for the first time coming out of a cinema house flanked by two girls. Their hands were inter-linked and she was in the centre. She did not look at me but a half smile played about her lips, as if something in the movie had amused her and she still lived in the memory.

I was going in for the next show with my elder sister and her husband. They lived in Madras and I had come to spend my leave with them. Alpana and Sudhir had been married for some six years now. They had two children — Samir, a boy of four, and Asha, a girl of two. Now the children fretted and clawed at her for ice-cream.

As she moved away to attend to their demands, I turned to Sudhir and asked, "Who were those girls?"

He was a shrewd man and he had seen my uninhibited glance. "Vardachari's daughters," he said.

"Where do they stay?"

He shot me a significant glance. "Why do you want to know?" he said.

"Just curiosity," I said.

"Well, if you must know their father is a famous and rich industrialist and they stay in a huge mansion. . ."

"Meaning to say they won't look at a lowly civil engineer like me?"

"Did I say that?"

"Well no, but your tone implied it."

"If you're interested, I'll ask Alpana to get the details and approach them," he said. In the strictly orthodox way in which we were reared, it was thought vulgar for boys to go and mix with girls. Going out together on a date was unimaginable. So I was constrained to go through the procedure, as my brother-in-law suggested.

In a moment, my sister was between us, the demands of her children having been met. The boy wiped his sticky fingers on my trousers and put up his hands to be held. I lifted him up and we all went inside. The film was a tragedy. There was nothing in the least amusing about it. Yet the girl I had been attracted to at first sight had been smiling. I wondered about it for sometime then dismissed it. There were so many things likely to make the girl smile. Somebody's manner of dress, a private joke cracked by her sisters, a ludicrous situation she remembered.

The next day I broached the subject again to Sudhir. We were alone and he was sitting in the garden with his newspaper. He never did get time to read it fully in the morning, so he indulged in this luxury after the children had been dispatched to the park with the ayah and Alpana was busy tidying up the house and preparing the evening meal.

"I asked her last night," he said. "But Alpana did not seem too enthusiastic about it."

"Is it because of the different social levels?" said. "Or do they belong to a different caste?"

"The caste is the same," he said. "I tried to probe but could not get an adequate reply. Why don't you ask her yourself?"

After Sudhir had gone to office the next day, I asked Alpana about Vardachari's daughters.

"Aren't there any other girls that interest you," she asked. "After all, mother has shown you so many. Her grievance is that you are hard to please."

"Nothing would please me more than the girl I saw coming out of the cinema hall that day."

She looked straight at me. "I don't know how to say this," she said, "but there is something peculiar about the family."

"In what way?"

"I don't know exactly. But people say the mother is strange."

"Well, I am not going to marry the mother," I replied.

"It is a very funny thing," she said, "but the girls are in their twenties and still they are not married. Over here, most girls are married while in their teens."

"It is not strange at all," I said. "Grow up. Which age are you living in? Modern girls want to be educated first before they tie themselves down with marriage. It gives them more confidence."

"All right," Alpana said. "I will write to mother about your interest. Then she can come down here and arrange the marriage."

In the end my perseverence won. Contrary to expectations, the family proved very receptive. Their wealth had not gone to their heads. They showered our whole family with the most expensive gifts on the occasion of my engagement with Sulakshana. My cup of happiness was full.

The marriage was a grand affair with sumptuous food, rustling silks, rows and rows of cars and twinkling lights in the trees. Vardachari's mansion looked like a palace out of the fairy tales I read in my childhood. Sulakshana looked intensely beautiful in her wedding finery.

The night we were about to leave for my own humble dwelling with the new bride, Vardachari said, "I have bought some furniture for you and all the household appliances. It will follow in a truck tomorrow and should reach Bombay in a few days." I had a job in Bombay those days.

"Thank you, Sir," I said. "But I don't think we could accommodate all that furniture in a small flat. If you see any of the new constructions coming up all over the city, you will know what I mean."

Vardachari, who had never known anything smaller than the palatial manor in which he had been born and reared, was nonplussed for a moment, but he said, "Never mind the past. Surely now you can rent a bigger place... money is no problem. You just have to tell me how much the rent is and I. . ."

I was cut to the quick.

"Do you think I cannot manage to keep your daughter in comfort," I asked. He was immediately contrite.

"I'm sorry. I did not know you would take it ill. . . but Sulakshana is a different kind of person."

"You mean she is used to luxury and I cannot give her that?"

The argument might have burst into the wildest kind of antagonism if mother had not intervened. She touched my arm lightly.

"We must be off," she said. "The cars are waiting to take us." I wrenched myself away from the opulent palace whose aura was already beginning to nauseate me. In the car the heady scent of flowers made my senses reel. Sulakshana sat beside me swathed in silk and bedecked with diamonds. I sat close to her. In the front seat sat an old lady I could not place at first. Then I realized she was one of the servants of the house.

"You're not coming with us?" I said in surprise.

"Yes Saab. Namaste Saab," she mumbled. Sulakshana did not say anything.

"I am your wife's maid. I will look after her."

The last thing I wanted was a hanger-on to disrupt my newly-wed privacy. I sought about for ways and means to accommodate her in my two-room flat in Andheri. Finding none, I got out to see if I could shed her here. As I opened the door, mother came towards me. She saw from my face that something troubled me and was no doubt afraid that the hostility I had earlier generated by the refusal of household items would again be triggered off.

"Get in, for heaven's sake," she said. "The plane will leave without us." We were flying from Madras to Bombay, an unimaginable luxury for my parents and me.

"But," I protested, "the servant says she's coming with us. Where will I put her in my flat?"

Mother had evidently been briefed about the woman. Apparently, I was the only one kept in the dark. She made a clucking noise and urged me into the car again. "Don't worry about such small things," she said, "If you don't want her, I will keep her at the farm."

My parents had a small farm on the outskirts of Bombay where they lived a retired life looking after cows and chicks. Though the house they had built for themselves there was not large by the Vardachari standards, it was certainly bigger than the cramped flat to which I was taking Sulakshana.

I was content. I got into the car and we sped away towards the airport. Apparently a ticket had been bought for the servant woman on the same plane. She sat near me, an impediment to my conversation with my new bride. Not that Sulakshana said much. She was apparently shy, or maybe resented the presence of the maid as much as I did.

At Santacruz airport, she got into the taxi with Sulakshana and me. "Go to the other taxi," I told her. "You are going with my parents, not with me." She was a stubborn old woman. "No," she said. "I have strict instructions to stay with Sulakshana."

I called my mother to make the woman see reason. She was more fluent in the mother-tongue than I was with my overpowering influence of a convent education. They conversed in Tamil for a while and most of it was unintelligible to me. Presently my mother said. "Keep her with you for the present. I will try to take her away in a day or two."

There was no time to argue. We were holding up the traffic and it was past midnight because we had caught the night flight. It had taken us an age to get the luggage too. I decided I could make her sleep on the veranda. We went to my flat. As I opened the suitcases inside, the woman hung around.

"Go outside," I said. "You will sleep on the veranda."

"Yes. But first I must help your wife undress and change."

"Are you crazy? She will do all this herself. She is no longer in her father's palace.

She was beautiful and I fell in love with her at first sight. She came from a very rich family, but despite the difference in our backgrounds her father was eager to marry her off to me. Only on the wedding night I discovered why

She is in my flat." I pushed her out with her bundle of bedding and closed the door.

I turned as a wail came from Sulakshana. She was crying like a child, calling the old woman by her name. It was a shock. I opened the door and the crying stopped at once. They went into the bedroom while I paced about in the hall. Presently the woman came out. "I have changed her and settled her in bed," she said. "You mustn't blame her too much. You see, I have been doing all her work since she was a child and she is very attached to me."

"This is ridiculous," I said. "A grown woman does not need to be waited on hand and foot in this way."

"Sulakshana is different," she said with a strange expression. Again the emphasis on difference. Her father had said the same thing but had not elaborated.

"In what way is she different?" I asked.

"She has suffered a great shock and has been like this since then. There was a tragedy in the family. The Vardachari's had a son, after three daughters. The boy was hardly a year old when he died. Sulakshana was twelve years old then. Actually she was responsible for his death, though they say you cannot change what is written in fate. Her mother had gone inside for a bath and Sulakshana was playing with the child on the veranda. The child began to cry. She picked it up and stood up to amuse it. Still it would not stop crying. She took it to the balcony railing to show him some birds on the ledge. The child leaned too far out and she was unable to control it. It leapt out of her hands and smashed its head on the flagged stones below."

"Oh."

"That is not the end of the story. The child had been conceived with much difficulty after repeated visits to swamis and gurus. Her mother never forgave Sulakshana. In fact, apparently she beat her with a stick within an inch of her life. Her two younger sisters saved her, but by the time her father arrived, she was in a critical condition. Immediate hospitalization saved her life but the wrath of her mother had other repercussions on her mental state. Her brain was affected. The mother was hysterical and was calmed down with drugs. Thereafter, life in the household has been one living hell. Neither mother nor daughter are able to act on their own volition. They are like puppets, always controlled by others. Vardachari had a difficult time trying to get his daughters married on account of this. Then you came along. I thought you knew the whole story and were game to go through with the marriage on account of the money. It was only in the car when we were all set to drive to the airport that I realized you knew nothing and that they had tricked you."

"Yes," I said staring straight ahead. "They have tricked me. But I will pay them back."

She was a loyal soul. "No," she cried clutching my feet. "Please don't turn her out. Accept her. She is not to blame. She was a victim of circumstances. I will stay with her day and night and look after her for you. She will not be any trouble, I promise."

"I am very sorry but I don't want a puppet for a wife. I want a creature who will be a companion. If it was only sex I wanted, I could have got it elsewhere. I married to find family happiness. And I mean to find it."

"I don't know if she understood me. I could not express myself very fluently and in consequence used a lot of English words in my impassioned utterance.

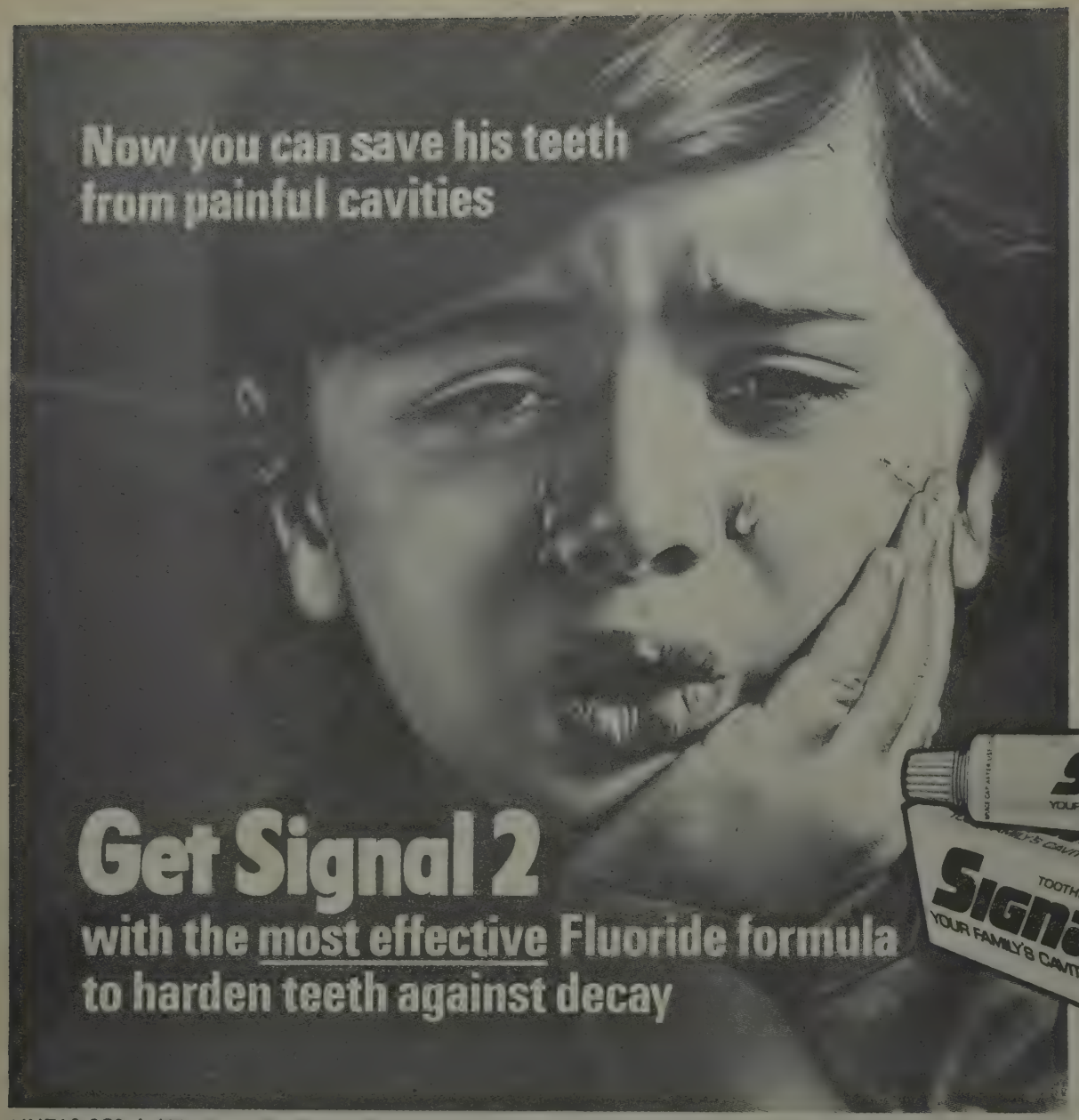
But some situations don't need words. Gesture and expression are enough to tell all. I had understood her racy narrative in spite of missing some words here and there. She knew my mind too.

"Go and stay with her in the room tonight," I said softly, my earlier ire against her completely gone. "I will spread a mattress and sleep in the hall."

"Oh no. I will sleep in the hall," she protested. "The floor is not for you."

"No," I said. "It is right that I keep away from Sulakshana. She is a very beautiful girl and I don't want to succumb to any temptation which will jeopardize my chances of making a clean break. Tomorrow you will take her back on the earliest available flight to Madras."

That was how it ended. The marriage I had so fiercely desired, then flouted. I don't know if people will blame me for my action. But it hardly matters to me. I am not the sort of person who lives for the opinions of others. I live only for myself and my happiness.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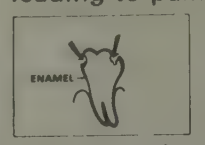
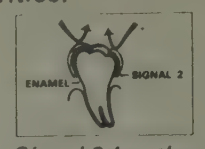


Ordinary toothpastes can't stop mouth acids from penetrating teeth and causing decay.



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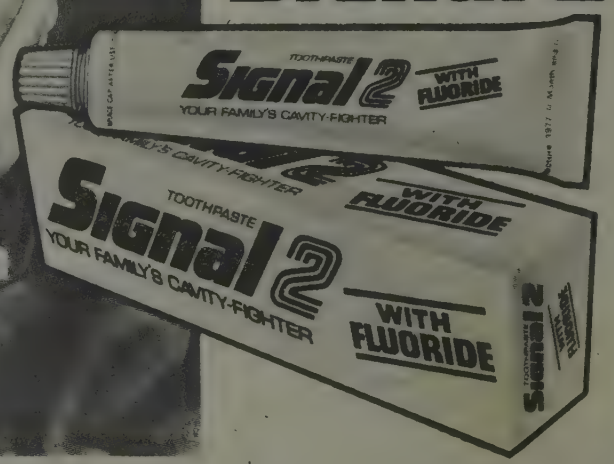

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AFCO/RPC-79

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

LIGHTING UP A DARK WORLD

The Blind Relief Association in New Delhi has a comprehensive programme for the effective rehabilitation of the blind. In an endeavour to impart education to the blind students, higher secondary schools have been established all over India.

Mr. Mittal, principal of a boys' school for the blind, says: "There are three main problems faced by teachers. Firstly, problems created by children who do not succeed in adjusting physically as well as emotionally to their handicap. This maladjustment results in aggressiveness and non-co-operation, and teachers face tremendous difficulties in instilling discipline." Secondly, the problem of children. "who, though blind, still retain some degree of vision. Such a child feels isolated since, on the one hand, he does not consider himself blind and does not mix easily with his fellow students and, on the other, is not accepted by the sighted. This child finds it difficult to learn braille since braille is a system of touch and a partially blind child shows a tendency to look at the dots, rather than rely on touch."

After finishing primary education many blind students wish to pursue their studies and take up a profession, in order to be self-supporting. Music seems to be one of the more popular subjects at University level. Santram Sharma, a student of M.A. Music Honours, says, "Music does not require vision and we can teach in schools and give private tuitions as well." Santram rises at 4 a.m. daily to practice on the violin which is his favourite instrument. Although subjects like Political Science, English and Hindi Literature and History are taken, they do not really have much practical value since on completion of such studies, jobs are not readily available and even lecturerships are rarely given to the blind.

With the university examinations fast approaching, there is an all-too-familiar pre-examination atmosphere in the hostels occupied by these students. They have to depend on outside factors, and last-minute revision is hardly possible. Preparations have to begin well in advance. Many of the students are totally dependent on volunteers and other social workers to read to them. Male volunteer readers are desperately needed because the boys find it easier to communicate with those of their own sex. Unfortunately, there are very few male volunteers. There are no college text-books in braille and students have to rely totally on recorded cassette-tapes, braille notes and on readers.

Another blind student, studying Political Science at Delhi University, said, "I like to study till 3 or 4 a.m.

Playing cards during an outing. They also love playing scrabble, chess and other indoor games. On Sundays they look forward to 'seeing' the film on TV.

and then sleep till late the next morning. In the boys' hostel four students share a room, but we all manage to study peacefully together. If any one of the students wants to play his recorder he just goes under his quilt and listens to it without disturbing the others." "Everyone is born with a capacity to absorb," remarked another student, "but we do our utmost to develop and perfect this faculty of concentration. . ."

One major problem is transport. Many of them have become quite self-sufficient, crossing roads fairly easily and have become quite adept at catching the right bus. When asked whether commuting posed any problem for him, Sant replied, "I have friends who always offer me assistance, though once when I was alone I fell into a ditch." Visiting home-towns during vacations is a treat. As Sansari said, "For me home is paradise. I am very attached to my parents. They have never made me feel that my handicap makes me any different from my other brothers and sisters."

Life is not all work for these students. They love playing cards, scrabble, chess and other indoor games. Cricket and kabaddi are among their favourite sports and they enjoy listening to the cricket commentary. On Sundays they look forward to 'seeing' the movie on TV. They all clamour for good seats and also enjoy listening to music and the news (including B.B.C.) on the radio. They participate in dramatics.

In order to provide job opportunities, Technical Training Centres have been set up by some Blind Associations which impart training in light engineering. The only girl in one male-oriented centre is cheerful 23-year-old Durgesh Nandini. Partially blind, Durgesh is very eager to get a good job. Blushing when asked about marriage, she said, "Lots of boys have proposed, through intermediaries, but so far I do not plan to get married. But when I do, it will be to a completely blind person since I would like to be some help to another individual. He should have a government job, preferably, and I would like to carry on working." Simple in dress, she is fond of wearing sarees even though she does not like applying lipstick or using any other cosmetic. She does not like to mingle with the male populations of the blind hostel in which she stays, as even in a blind hostel people are apt to jump to conclusions.

One of Durgesh's room-mates, Krishna Sharma, is undergoing training at the Centre for Instructors of the Blind. Her husband, who too is blind, is working in a school and earns Rs. 400 per month. Some friends of hers arranged the match. "I had never known boys before. All I looked for in a husband was a man of good disposition. I was always adamant about marrying a blind. . . at least then I was assured of not marrying a man with a roving eye." she jokingly added.

Life goes on, stopping for no one — be he deaf or dumb, lame or bedridden, blind or partially blind. The best lesson one can learn about facing the vicissitudes of life is just to see another who is not so fortunate, yet who is so satisfied!

Ritu & Poonam

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

A unique show opened at the SNDT Women's University Library, Bombay. On display were books, periodicals, programme booklets, dolls and other material on Indian classical dances prepared by Nalini Mehta. The show was an effort to make this subject an area for academic study.

Along with the exhibition there were two demonstration performances by renowned artists Guru Shantanam and his pupil Aditi Merchant and her team of musicians who demonstrated Bharata Natyam; and by Guru Kelucharan Mahapatra and his pupil Jaya Dhir and her team of musicians who demonstrated Odissi. The programme was inaugurated by Dr. Madhuri Shah, Vice-Chancellor of the SNDT Women's University. This programme was made possible with the co-operation of Dr. Sunil Kothari and the University Librarian, Mrs. Vidyut K. Khandwala and her team.

* * *

A grand fashion show organised by Eve's Weekly and Sophistication, Delhi's famous boutique, was held at Hotel Oberoi. Nineteen models from Bombay and Delhi displayed the boutique's exclusive collection of sarees, salwar kameez sets and other outfits against an imposing Indian setting and music, which was the highlight of the show. An audio-visual presentation accompanied a fashion show, and was greatly appreciated by the audience.

* * *

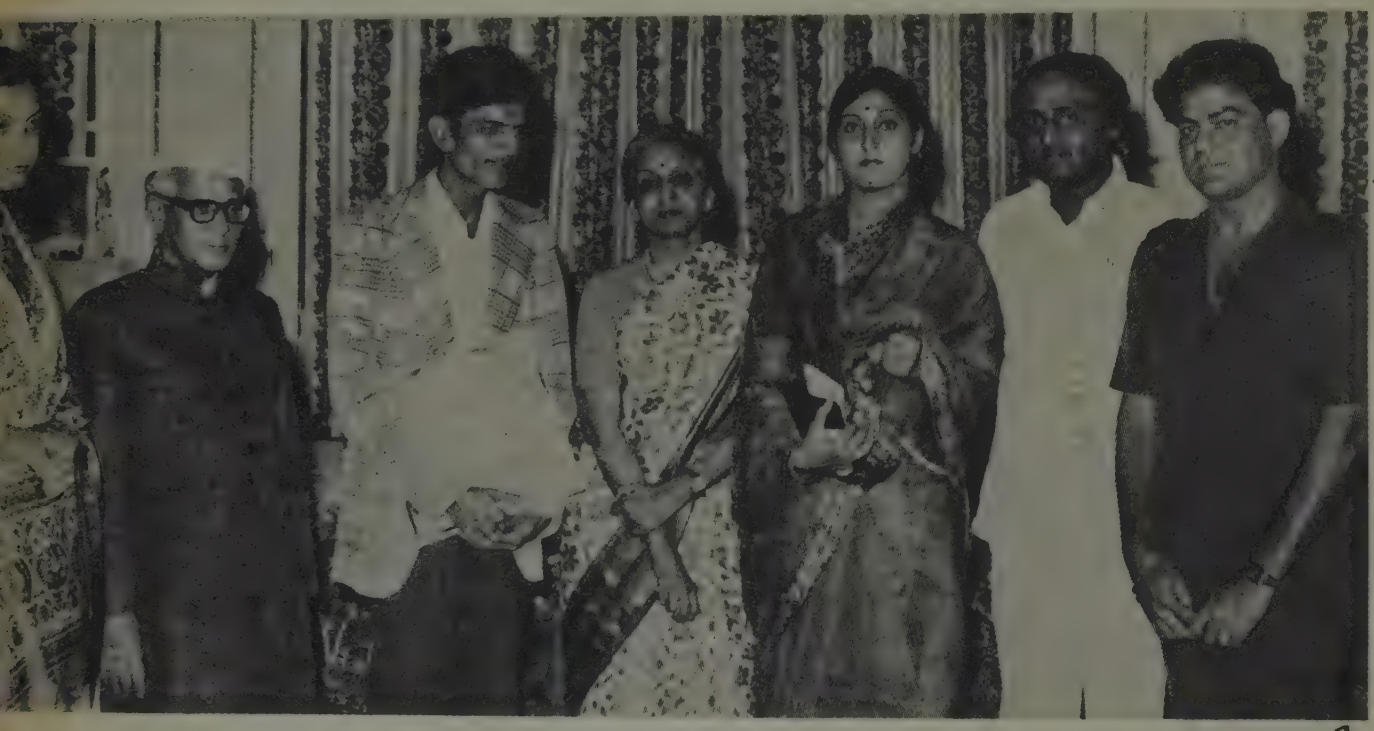
The Indian National Society for the Deaf held a press conference at which was outlined their plan for a project which will be the first of its kind in S. E. Asia.

The Society has been donated six acres of land by Mrs. Tara Sarup, where they plan to develop an entire complex for the deaf. Right now, there is only one school for the deaf, the Stephen High School For The Deaf and Aphasic, which educates students upto SSC level. The Society wants to build a college in Bombay, along with a vocational centre. The school will also be shifted to this complex. The entire cost is estimated at about Rs. 36 lakhs. The Society also plans to have a hostel, an orphanage and a laboratory in the complex.

Negotiations are on with the Maharashtra government for clearance of the project. This was revealed by Hon. Surg. Cmde. Joe V. De Sa and Mrs. Nancy De Sa, the founders of the Stephen High School.

DELHI

The Mahila Dakshata Samiti which, for the last two years, has been engaged in consumerism, anti-dowry campaigns and striving to enhance the status of women in society, held an elocution competition at the Delhi Unlversity on How the Prohibition of Dowry can be made effective,Change in traditional marriages, Women and Total Revolution. Two students from each College participated in the competition. The Committee feels that without the involvement of young people, social evils cannot be fought.



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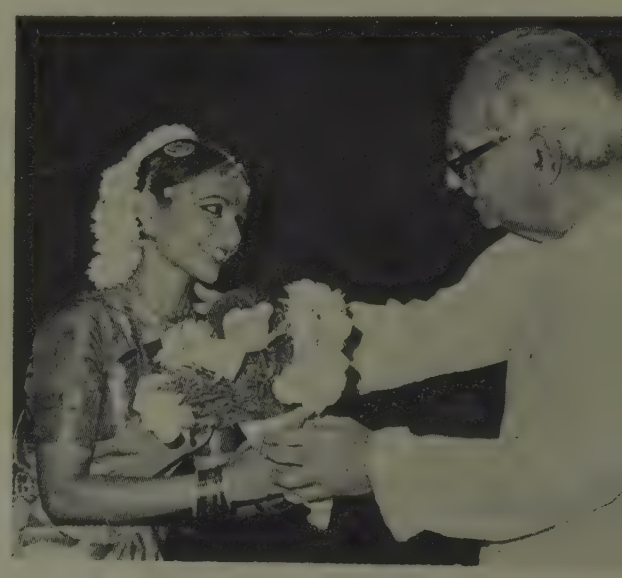

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1. Seen at the release of HMV's long-playing record to commemorate the first death anniversary of Pankaj Mullick, by Mrs. Shanti Sadiq Ali in Bombay, are from left, Mrs. Rekha Batheja, Mr. Sadiq Ali, the Governor of Bombay, Mr. Chandru Atma, Mrs. Sadiq Ali, Mrs. Rajkumar Rizvi, Mr. Rizvi and Mr. Chander Batheja, branch manager, HMV.

2. N. Chandrika seen with Mr. Soli Batliwala, Trustee, Bhulabhai Memorial Institute, Bombay, after her Bharat Natyam performance held at the Institute.

3. Photographed at the Eve's Weekly-Sophistication Fashion Show and Dinner are some members of the Consular Corps, prominent citizens of Bombay and the organisers of the event.

4. Mrs. Sitadevi Ramaswamy, wife of the general manager, Western Railway, receives the 'Sheriff Dahanukar Rolling Cup' from the Municipal Commissioner of Greater Bombay, Mr. Chougule, for the best-maintained bungalow garden.

CALCUTTA

The night-long programme of the Park Circus Music Conference at Kala Mandir presented several eminent musicians and dancers. Sunanda Patnaik's vocal recital was the superb piece-de-resistance. The other singers who delighted the audience were Munwar Khan, Sarafat Hussain Khan, Pushpen De, Sisirkana Dhar Chaudhury and Budhaditya Mukherjee. Another young artist who proved very popular was Chitresh Das, the Kathak dancer who has now made his home in the USA.

MADRAS

'Facility' (Madras) a vocational training unit for the mentally retarded, was inaugurated at the World University Service Auditorium by Mr. Prabhudas Patwari, the Governor of Tamil Nadu. Mr. E. C. P. Prabhakar, Secretary, Education Department, presided. Mr. D. J. K. Cornelius, honorary director and trustee of the Navajyothi Trust, welcomed the gathering and spoke about the rehabilitation of the mentally retarded. The meeting was followed by a seminar to discuss the various problems of the mentally retarded in which parents, doctors and social workers participated.

OOTACAMUND

The Women's Voluntary Service, Nilgiris, organised a book-distribution programme where books worth Rs. 8,000 were purchased by the W.V.S., for school-children who lost their books during the recent floods here. Dr. Venkatasubramanian, Director of School Education, was the chief guest, and distributed the books to the flood-affected children.

PUNE

As part of the celebrations for the International Year of the Child, the Children's Corner of Pune Herald organised an inter-school cycle race in Pune. This event was sponsored by Weikfield Products Ltd.

This was the largest single cycle race organised for school children in Pune and a record number of 417 participants from 37 schools participated.

The chief guest at the function was Mr. Ajit Nimbalkar, Collector, Pune.

AHMEDABAD

Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, the Governor of Gujerat. visited the Andh Kanya Prakash Gruh (a home for blind girls) at Memnagar, a village near Ahmedabad. Mrs. Devyani Harshvadan, the president of the Prakash Gruh, explained to her the activities of the blind girls, which the Governor highly appreciated. The Prakash Gruh completes 25 years in October 1979. The Governor has been named the chairman of the Prakash Gruh. Acharya Rekhaben Yagnik and Vinodaber Desai's efforts made the function a great success.

BURNPUR

Mrs. Rani Ahuja, president of Burnpur Mahila Samaj recently presented a cheque for Rs. 11,000 to Jyoti Basu, Chief Minister of West Bengal, for the Chief Minister's Relief Fund. Earlier the Samaj had donated food, clothes and medicines for the fund.

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5. Mrs. V. K. Lamba, wife of the General Sales Manager of Bata India Ltd., hands over a prize to Mrs. Phyllis McMahon, a member of the Dalhousie Institute (A) team, which won the 1st prize in the North Star Quiz Contest 1979, sponsored by Bata India Ltd in Calcutta. At right is Mr. S. Mukherjee.

6. A blind girl presents a carpet made by her to Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee, Governor of Gujerat, (ext. right) at the Andh Kanya Prakash Gruh, at Memnagar, Gujerat. Also seen are Mrs. Devyani Harshvadan, president of the Prakash Gruh and Miss Vinoda Desai.

7. Mrs. Barman, wife of the general manager, Castrol, India, lights a lamp at a function held in Madras to celebrate the diamond jubilee of Castrol in India. Seen standing behind her is Mr. V. W. Good, director, Castrol, U.K.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK APRIL 8 — 14, 1979

John Naylor

IF YOUR BIRTHDAY'S THIS WEEK

Between now and mid-September, your affairs should proceed happily and along prosperous lines. There'll be improvement moneywise, and friendships, business contacts have a happy role to play so far as your practical ambitions are concerned. Between mid-September and late October, be inclined to economize, both with cash and with your emotions and not get over-involved in the affairs of close companions. People will tend to take advantage of you during this short period. Vitality will be high, your sex-appeal too. However, you will be winding up some present friendships and activities, beginning new ones in about eight months time.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — April 20)

Mars, your ruling planet, is now in your sign, remaining in this position until mid-May. This is a vital a helpful indication and you should push ahead with current ambitions. An ardent trend in your love life and excellent signs for health matters.

TAURUS
(Apr. 21 — May 21)

It is what is going on behind the scenes that is important. However, no need to trouble yourself too much if you sense some undercurrents you can't explain. A good week for a routine health check.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

You are gregarious by nature — and the more you get around the happier you will be. The accent is on friendships and social life, new hobbies, enjoyable outings, A plan you may have had to abandon recently can now succeed.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

A well-balanced week, enjoyable for personal life, helpful to your more worldly involvements. One special meeting and you will have the pleasant feeling that things are going your way. You could be heading into a peak period in a month or two.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)

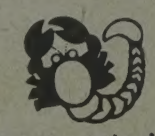
Friends will be active in your scene, so keep up with whatever is going on in your circle. You might get a strong hint that a special goal is now within your grasp, more so if you were born in July. An accent on travel.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

It might be decision time in your love life, particularly if you have embarked on a 'forbidden fruit' relationship in the recent past. You might be in emotional turmoil until the end of April at least.

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

The next month or two will throw up some challenges. Get yourself organized, ready for a strenuous period, and start by cutting out trivialities. There will be problems in both business and personal relationships, probably.



SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

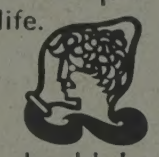
A lively picture for you. In your practical ambitions, don't fail for want of trying, even if the odds seem against you. There will be chances to progress in working life, also to realize a change, domestically. Some extra cash, probably.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

There is nothing you like more than variety, so this week's lively stars will suit you. You will be in a happy whirl of activity, perhaps planning a special party or outing. Not a bad time for a little gamble.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

An emphasis on family life could mean that a change you have wished for is about to occur and that this will either raise your standards or make for a more streamlined routine. The weeks ahead favour the property buyer or seller. Later, you will be projected into a more active social life.



AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

Any sort of contact with others should be rewarding, so put the accent on communication. You will be busy tying up some loose ends, but you will also be getting around into unfamiliar areas of activity. A good week to begin a fresh endeavour, but be sure to consider the financial liability.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Planets in Pisces put a fortunate accent on anything strictly personal to you, also add a little something to your personality. Be inclined to push your luck, to ask favours, to get involved in fresh activities and interests. You will wind up something satisfactorily. An exchange of news and views will be beneficial mid-week.

Eve's Weekly - 22 Quiz Contest -

HEGMAN

1. On March 14, this year, the world celebrated the birth centenary of the greatest scientist of the 20th century. Name him.
2. What is the capital city of Malaysia?
3. "If I am Assassinated. . ." is a document from the death cell by whom?
4. Annuals live only one year. What are flowers called that continue to grow from year to year?
5. India, Sri Lanka, Pakistan, all have the Rupee as unit of currency. Which other country uses the Rupee as its currency?
6. On what day this year did the Railway Minister announce the Railway Budget?
7. Name the recent widely acclaimed Satyajit Ray film.
8. Name the Indian envoy to the U.S.S.R.
9. Recently, a noted Hindi poet and author won the Jnanpith Award for his contribution to literature. Name him.
10. Name the new chief of the Naval Staff.
11. Udaipur was recently the venue of two National sports championships. One was the National Table Tennis Championship. What was the other?
12. Priests of what rank in the Roman Catholic Church are addressed as Your Eminence?

This is the twenty-second of our fortnightly Quiz Contest series. Eve's Weekly offers a cash prize of Rs. 50.00 to the winner — i.e., the person whose all-correct solution is picked up first from among those received on or before the deadline. The deadline for Quiz Contest 22 is April 14, 1979.

There is no entry fee. Please mark 'Quiz Contest 22' on the outside of your envelopes.

The answers to Quiz 21 will appear in our issue of April 21. The answers to Quiz 22 will appear in our issue of May 5.

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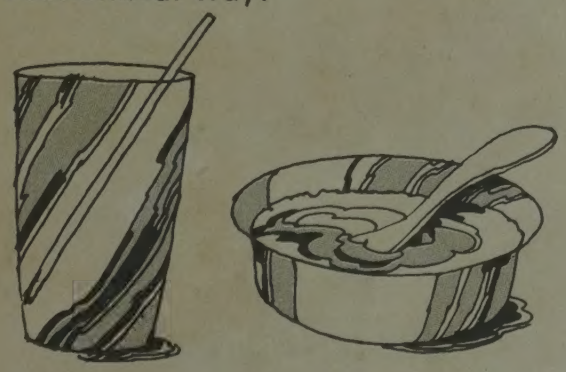

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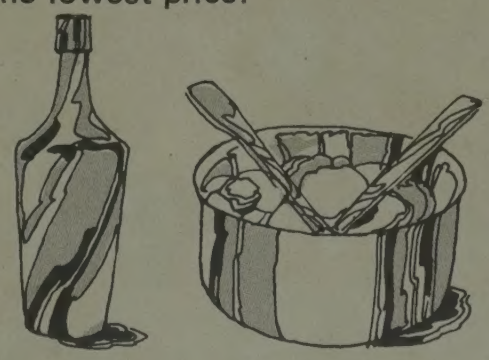

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